NOVEMBER 1930

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

Bread plus *Butter* plus *Jam*

help to balance meals and make them more appetizing

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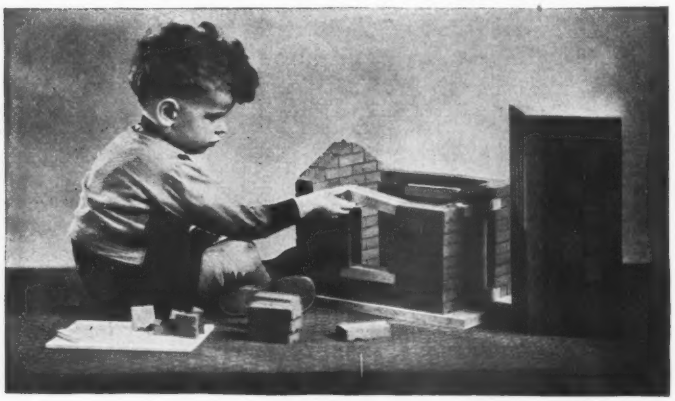

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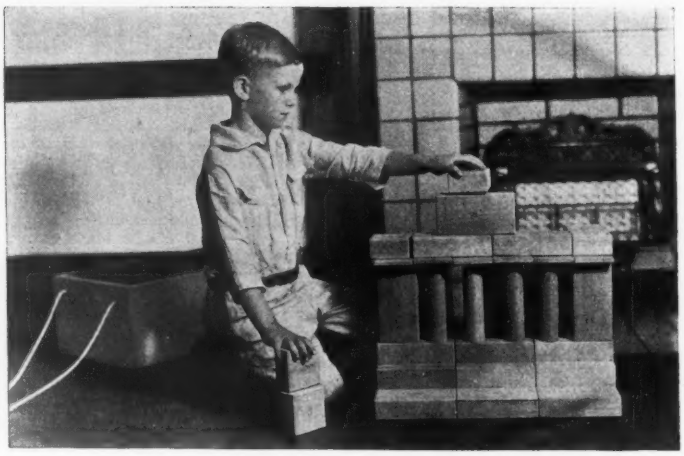

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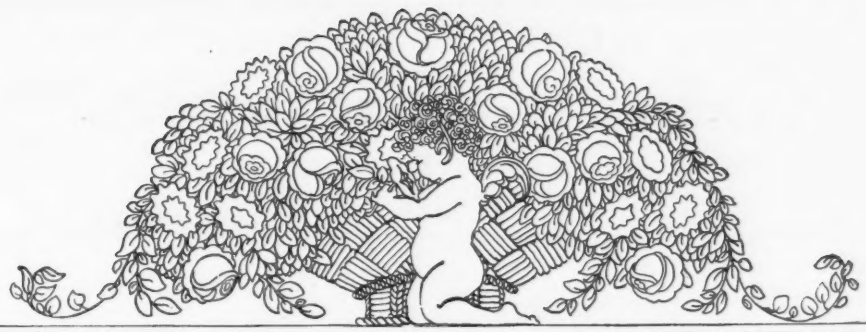

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Number XI

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

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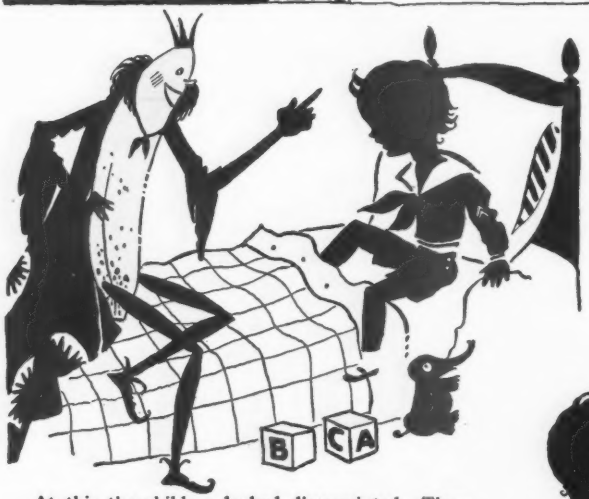
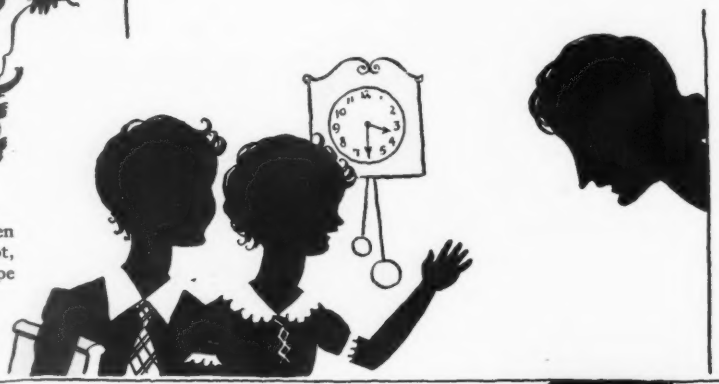
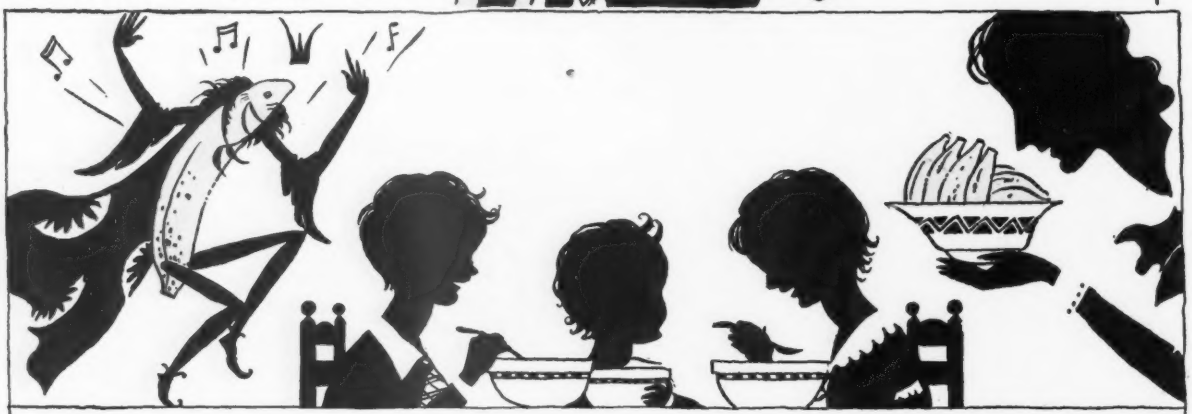


Billy Boy blinked his eyes. "Hello, young fellow," said a voice, and out popped Good King Banana. "Oh," yawned Billy. "I've just had a nap. My, but I'm hungry!" and he started to roll off the bed. Just then Bob and Shirley burst in from school. "Something to eat—we're starved, Mother," they called, as they hung up their coats and hats. "Somebody else is hungry," laughed Good King Banana. Mother heard the clatter and came to the door. "What! Home already? Dear me! I've been sewing all day and haven't a thing cooked."



At this the children looked disappointed. Then they heard the Good King saying, "Fret not, Madam, a snack is easy. Just slice some good ripe bananas in bowls of milk. Makes a fine lunch for youngsters." Mother looked very grateful. She flew around, and in about three minutes had the milk and bananas on the table.



The children's eyes sparkled at the sight. "Let's do this often," they urged between bites. "Never fear," answered Mother. "I won't forget what a quick meal this is to get together." "And don't forget," said the Good King, as he danced about the table, "it's food like this that makes children's legs grow straight and strong, instead of wobbly. And their teeth hard and white, instead of crumbly. Heigho, bananas and milk are good health twins," and he danced so fast he went sailing through the window.

Wouldn't you like to have Good King Banana's Game? It's jolly as can be—for home, school or party. And when not being played, it will be nice for the wall of your room or schoolroom. Your name and address carefully printed on the coupon, together with a dime, will bring it to you. We'll also include a fine new book of banana recipes and menus for Mother.

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Journeys To Advertising Land

Robert and Ruth Visit the Land of the Banana

THE Carribean Cruise! For a whole year, Uncle Bob had talked to Robert and Ruth about the beautiful white boat they would sail on, and here they were at last.

One morning after they had arrived in the tropics, Robert and Ruth were having breakfast in a large, sunlit hotel with Uncle Bob. Out of a clear sky, he said, "Today you will see your first banana plantation."

"That's fine," Robert cried. "I love bananas, and maybe I'll be a banana farmer."

Uncle Bob smiled. "Well, you will soon see what it takes to be one," and before long they were traveling through the beautiful countryside.

Robert was busy looking for the monkeys and brightly colored birds he had read so much about, but he did not succeed in locating any. However, he did see many strange looking plants with immense green leaves.

On all sides and as far as their eyes could see, Robert and Ruth noticed the waving green fields of these queer plants. "What are they, Uncle Bob?" Ruth asked at last.

"You will find out in a little while," Uncle Bob answered mysteriously.

Upon their arrival at the plantation, Mr. Hendricks, the manager, met them with an English guide, Mr. Adams.. Robert and Ruth liked him at once. He was so friendly.

"I have taken this trip already," Uncle Bob said, "So I think I will remain here and chat with Mr. Hendricks."

As Robert and Ruth started off with Mr. Adams, he led them to a little car upon tracks that led off through the grove. Ruth let out a squeal of delight. "Oh, are we going to ride in that little car?"

Mr. Adams nodded his head and then he said: "Would you like to see how we plant bananas?"

"Yes, we would," they said together.

As they rode along, the guide explained banana growing to them. "Bananas are not planted from seeds, because there are no seeds to plant. Instead, large pieces of root are planted. Here we are. You will see how it is done."

After they all climbed down from the car, Robert said, "So the plants that we asked Uncle Bob about are banana plants. No wonder he wouldn't tell us about them. Oh, what are those men doing?"

They saw ahead of them a group of natives placing large pieces of brown, twig-covered root into holes that were five feet deep and fifteen feet apart.

"These roots will develop very fast," said the guide. "After one year's growth, they will be 30 feet high. Another thing," he continued, "bananas do not grow on trees as most people think, but on plants. It takes one year for the banana cluster to develop. Then, within another two months time, the bunches are ready to be gathered. Immediately after that, they are put upon a little car like this one we are in, and sent to the sea coast for shipping."

"Oh, look," Robert suddenly shouted, as he pointed high up toward the tops of the plants that arched over the track. "Look how the bunches of bananas grow. They are upside down!"

Ruth looked up, and wondered if she were dreaming. Every bunch of bananas seemed to be standing on its head! Mr. Adams laughed at their astonishment and said, "Bananas start growing turned up towards the sun. The bunch of bananas that hang in your grocery story is really upside down. Now follow me, and you will see something else that is interesting."

[*Continued on page 592*]

(Advertisement)

Mothers—

Are Your Children Dressed for Cold Weather?

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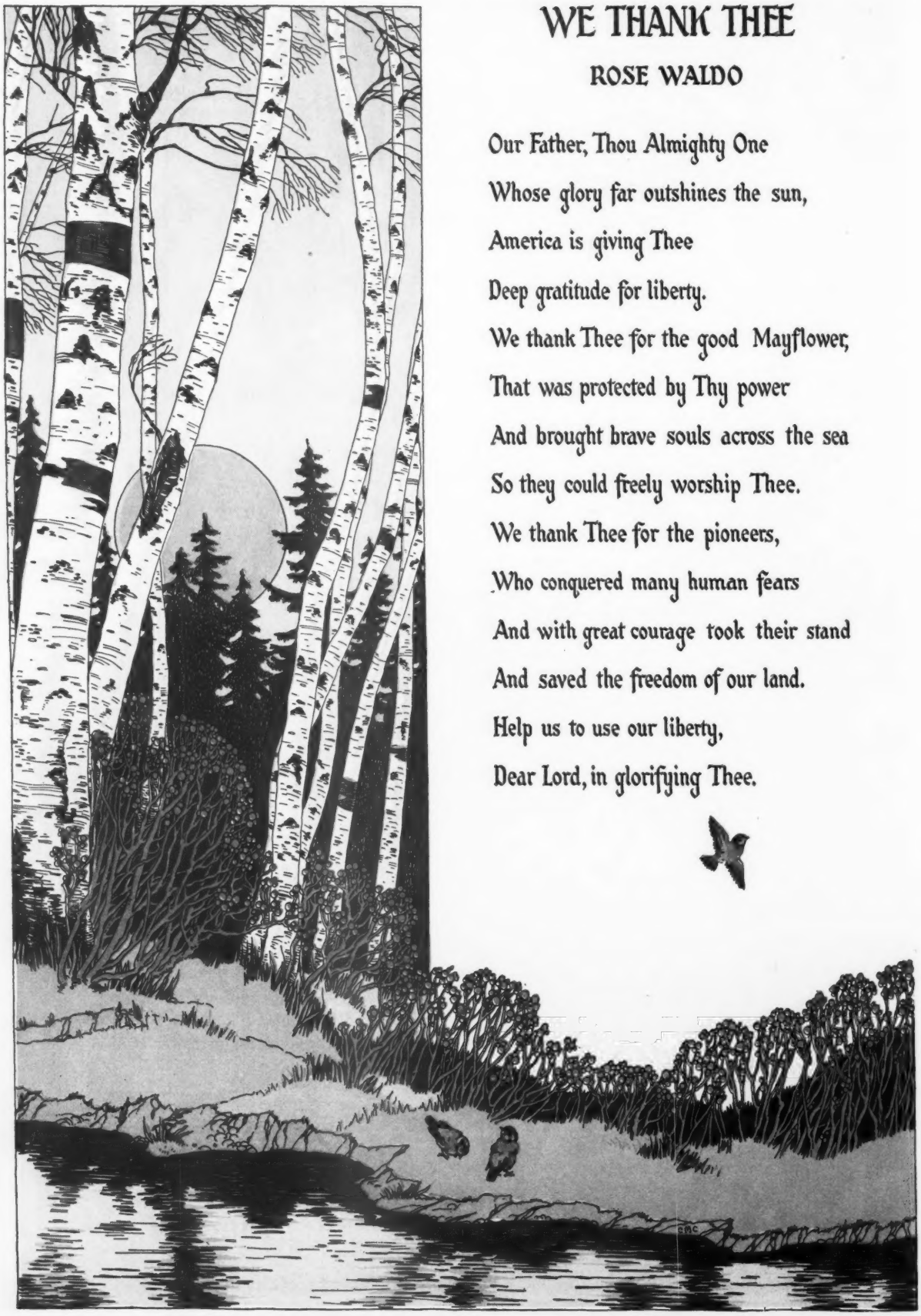
The PERFECT UNDERWEAR *for* CHILDREN

MY BEST BOOK FRIEND

I LOVE the amber autumn sky,
Where misty miles of wild geese fly.
I love the bonfires in the fall,
I love the school bell's morning call
To happy hours of work and play.
But I love most the time of day
When I can spend an hour or two,
My best book friend, alone with you,
For then my thought takes wondrous wings
And soars above the worldly things
That try to take my joy away.
You even teach me how to pray.
And so my hope grows strong and looks
To you for peace, Great Book of Books.

Rose Waldo
Editor

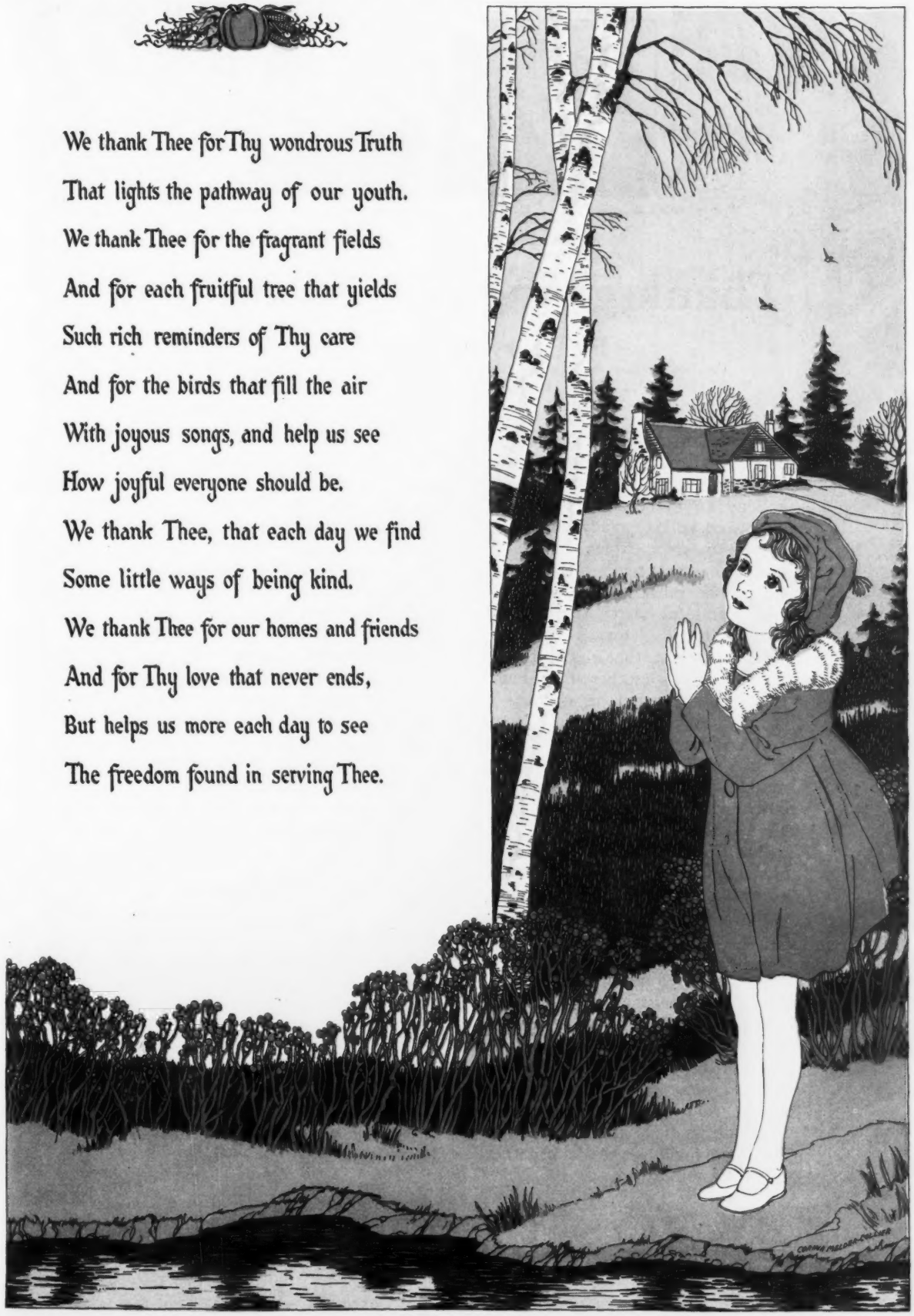


WE THANK THEE

ROSE WALDO

Our Father, Thou Almighty One
Whose glory far outshines the sun,
America is giving Thee
Deep gratitude for liberty.
We thank Thee for the good Mayflower,
That was protected by Thy power
And brought brave souls across the sea
So they could freely worship Thee.
We thank Thee for the pioneers,
Who conquered many human fears
And with great courage took their stand
And saved the freedom of our land.
Help us to use our liberty,
Dear Lord, in glorifying Thee.

We thank Thee for Thy wondrous Truth
That lights the pathway of our youth.
We thank Thee for the fragrant fields
And for each fruitful tree that yields
Such rich reminders of Thy care
And for the birds that fill the air
With joyous songs, and help us see
How joyful everyone should be.
We thank Thee, that each day we find
Some little ways of being kind.
We thank Thee for our homes and friends
And for Thy love that never ends,
But helps us more each day to see
The freedom found in serving Thee.



Thanksgiving Day is Coming!

By Henry Purmort Eames

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecturer-Recitalist; Ex-president of the Society of American Musicians; Late of the Piano Faculty, American Conservatory, Chicago, and now Professor of Musical Art and Aesthetics at Scripps College, Claremont, California.

THANKSGIVING DAY is coming and soon the President of our country will proclaim a holiday for everyone but the cook. The word holiday really means holy day—a meaning which can be expressed in music much better than in words, for music is the speech of happy grateful hearts, the very language of thanksgiving.

Of course for that dignified bird, the turkey, it's another story, but at least he has served his country by gobbling and being gobbled. If turkeys could sing their "swan-song" in a more musical manner perhaps they would live in poetry as the swans do, but, unfortunately, they merely gobble and that's their finish.

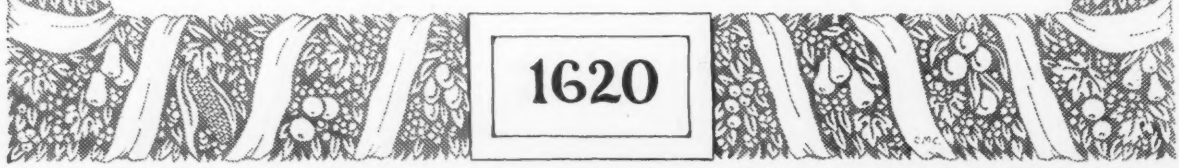
But Thanksgiving Day and turkey dinners and extra long church services always make me think of the old colonial days in New England, of which my grandfather used to tell me, for all three of these customs came down to us from the early American colonists.

When our Pilgrim fathers landed from the "Mayflower" on Plymouth Rock, in 1620, they lived in what was then a wilderness. They struggled against cold and hardships, against unfriendly Indians and loss of crops. They were finally successful in gathering one rather meager harvest. Their gratitude was so great that the governor of the colony issued the first Thanksgiving Proclamation to his little band of Pilgrims, just as President Hoover has proclaimed Thursday, the twenty-seventh of this November, as the special day on which we are to show our thanks for nation, home and happiness.

And the old records of Plymouth days tell of the colonists and some friendly Indians going out into the forest and trapping many turkeys and catching plentiful codfish, too. (As many as fifty wild turkeys were caught at times, in one turkey pen.) These dishes, with others, made a feast befitting prince or Pilgrim.

But before feasting, our Pilgrim forefathers went to the meetinghouse (their name for the church), and Elder Brewster preached a sermon, and songs of praise and thanksgiving were sung. Governor Bradford and Captain Myles Standish were there, in their quaint colonial dress, as were the two friendly Indians, Squanto and Hobomok.

John Alden and Priscilla Mullins were at that first Thanksgiving service and the feast that followed it, too. This same pretty Priscilla sang these verses to her bashful but obedient lover, John Alden—at least, Dr. Hart-



ley Alexander writes them as though she did, and I have set them to music:

"O, why don't you speak for yourself, John?
Prithee, why don't you speak for yourself?
'Tis sad if a maid must come to the aid
Of a man who can't speak for himself!
The longer you tarry the later you'll marry,
So why don't you speak for yourself?"

The Pilgrims had no organs in their churches, and instrumental music was not permitted in their homes until some years later. For the most part their church hymns were sad, but many of them were by composers whose names you know, such as Handel, who wrote the joyous "Messiah," and Haydn, the composer of the oratorio, "The Creation," and Luther, whose majestic hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," is still sung in our churches.

When New England was growing, we find that scores of English and Scotch ballads and dances were sung and played throughout the country. It was in the eighteenth century that there were the old favorites of "Old Dan Tucker," "Old Zip Coon," "Sir Roger de Coverley," and many others. If you will ask your mother or your teacher to play these for you, you will have a smiling picture of the simple merrymakings of the early settlers of New England. Down in Pennsylvania in colonial times the Germans came to live, and they sang there the carols which few Americans know. Here is one which is famous in words and music, and though more than three hundred years old lives to-day in the hearts of thousands of grateful people:

Fields of corn, give up your ears,
Now your ears are heavy,
Wheat and oats and barley-spears,
All your harvest-levy.
Where your sheaves of plenty lean,
Men once more the grain shall glean
Of the Ever-Living,
God the Lord will bless the field,
Bringing in its Autumn yield
Gladly to Thanksgiving.

Garden, give your gayest flowers,
Hedge, your wildest bring in,
Turn the churches into bowers
Little birds shall sing in.
Where the children sing their glee,
Men once more the flower shall see
Of the Ever-Living,
God the Lord will bless the throng,
Lifting up its Autumn song
Gladly in Thanksgiving.

The world's greatest composer, Johann Sebastian Bach, has used the tune sung to these words.

As the colonies prospered, instruments from abroad found their way into the homes. Spinets and harpsichords were bought by the wealthy. Have you ever heard a spinet or a harpsichord? In 1750 everyone who loved music was much affected by their thin wiry tones, but I feel sure that you would prefer your grand or even your upright piano to the best spinet or harpsichord ever sent from

[*Continued on page 577*]

1930

A Thanksgiving by The Sea

By Josephine E. Phillips

"THANKSGIVING means lots of folks being merry together," said Polly wistfully, thinking of two sets of jolly aunts and uncles and cousins who had started westward in big covered wagons since the last holiday. It would be lonely without them, she thought.

"Thanksgiving means lots to eat, too," answered David stoutly, thinking of Nora's pantry shelves.

"I guess it means some of both—and being thankful for them." Polly laughed.

Anyhow, there was going to be enough to eat. Every morning before they left for school they saw the fire start crackling in the mouth of the big brick oven. Every afternoon when they came home, they found more pies and cakes and goodies ready. Fine crops there had been this year—golden pumpkins to gather and golden corn to husk—and a fine thanks-giving time it would be for the little farm by the sea.

Yet, when the day really came, things began crookedwise. There was the matter of weather, cloudy and cold, with old Doodles-the-weathervane telling of a raw wind sweeping in from the ocean. There was the matter of the last-minute baking they had hoped to help Nora with; by the time they were through breakfast Nora had the oven heated and everything already in.

Then Polly found Nora in the milk room, crying and wiping her eyes and crying some more. That made everyone a little unhappy, even Grandmother who always looked on the bright side of things.

Nora hadn't been in America long. She had worked first at the Green Dragon Inn in the village, but they hadn't needed her any more after the day she emptied the vinegar jug into the molasses barrel. And Mistress Merriam gladly passed her on to Squire Fay's household when she found her popping corn in the best brass warming-pan. The Fays kept her until she clogged the works of a fine Swiss cuckoo clock by throwing in grain to feed the "pretty bir-rd." Then Mother had taken her in.

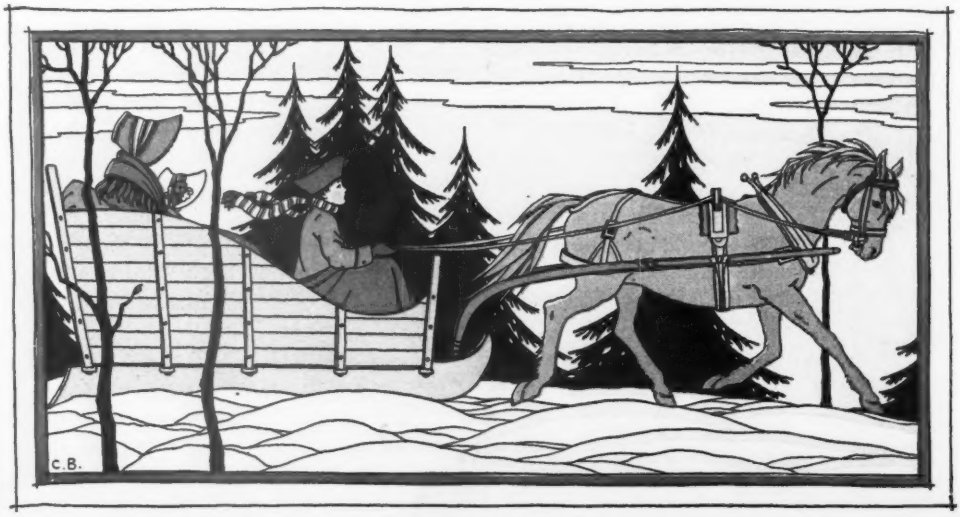
Now, Thanksgiving morning and all, Nora was crying. She was lonely for Michael, her brother, who had decided one day to try his luck with a fishing fleet just leaving for the Grand Banks. Months later the fleet returned without him. Michael had blundered out in a small boat alone and been lost in a dense fog.

"But I'll not be weepin', sp'ilin' this day you call Thanksgivin'," Nora said, bursting into tears again. "If my Michael was here this minute, I'd likely be boxin' the ears of him. M-maybe that's why I m-miss him so."

"You may box my ears," David said, so generously that the Hildreths all laughed.

"Of course, you can't help being lonely," Grandmother comforted. "But you must be thankful to be here working for us. How could we ever get along without you?"

Which was pretty generous of Grandmother, David thought, since they had always gotten along nicely before Nora came. In fact, she had sometimes made troublesome mistakes for them. Anyhow,



she was soon feeling happier after that.

"I'll not be to the church services with you though, ma'am," she told Grandmother. "I'll stay watchin' the pans and roastin's." And Grandmother decided that would be just as well.

Polly was getting into her best quilted petticoat and David was spick and span in his almost-outgrown homespuns, when the next thing happened.

Grandmother called, "Don't forget to put coals in my footstove this morning, David!"

Polly giggled. Once David had forgotten and they were in church listening to the sermon before Grandmother found that her footstove didn't warm her feet at all.

"I'd not forget on Thanksgiving." David laughed. "Maybe on the Fourth of July—"

That was his way of teasing her, for Grandmother carried her footstove to church from early in autumn until late in spring. She said she didn't feel dressed up without it! But the Hildreths knew she loved the square box with its carved wooden corner-posts and its tin sides pierced in quaint bird-and-tree patterns. For it was Grandfather who had carved the wood and pierced the tin, and given her the stove on her eighteenth birthday.

David ran to get it down from its shelf in the chimney-cupboard. But it wasn't there. He stood on tiptoe, and it wasn't there. He got a chair, and it wasn't on the top shelf, even. Then he remembered.

He turned to Polly. Her face was almost as red as the lining of the bonnet that framed it; so she remembered, too!

David hurried to the kitchen, on through the rambling woodshed to the barn. The footstove wasn't there—or anywhere! Grandmother hadn't seen it, nor Mother, nor Father. David felt like crying.

"I meant to take it to the workshop and mend the hinge of the little door," he said.

"Mend it?" cried Mother.

David nodded soberly. "Polly and I were putting away the draughtsmen after a game and the footstove tumbled off the shelf. I was going to mend it, but I set it down somewhere, to smell of Nora's fresh pumpkin pie—and now it's gone."

Grandmother thought it would show up somewhere, but Father feared it might not. "That pewter peddler came along last night. Perhaps he—"

"Maybe the cat swallowed it," Grandmother said quickly, so as to cheer everybody up.

David barely smiled; there was a lump in his throat as though he had swallowed the footstove himself. How could he ever sit in church beside Grandmother, trying to be thankful? He dragged his feet up-attic, found another footstove, filled its little pan with glowing coals and carried it out to the sleigh where Father and the others already

waited. Then he went back for another blanket.

Passing the big brick oven he stopped. He just had to have a peek at the good things within. They would be something to think about while he listened to the sermon! He lifted the iron door—and there sat something indeed! David wanted to laugh and shout and cry. Grandmother's footstove! Of course, Nora hadn't known and she was heating it in the oven. A good thing it wasn't to stay there any longer, or the carved wooden posts would be scorched!

With the long-handled bread-shovel David slipped it out, and wrapped the blanket around it. He wouldn't show it even to Polly until they reached church.

It was a jolly ride. Thanksgiving was different from the Sabbath, when one could hardly smile. Polly and Mother thought David almost too happy, considering everything; but Grandmother was glad he wasn't taking his trouble to heart. Down past the brook they drove where he went with Polly each spring to bleach the newly-woven linens; over the little spicket, where he carried the grain to mill; then to the church itself.

They were way inside before Grandmother discovered David was placing *two* footstoves for her. She wouldn't smile in church for anything, but her eyes twinkled her happiness at his finding the lost one. Polly almost burst with questions. David mischievously looked straight ahead without giving her any clue to the answers.

He listened hard to the sermon, until it got too

hard to think of anything but Thanksgiving dinner. He saw Polly's nose go up in a little sniff, and suddenly knew he was smelling that dinner. Mother stirred. Grown-ups in the pews ahead, even old Deacon Gregory, grew restless. The whole church was filled with that delicious dinnery odor, making everybody hungry. David wondered where it came from. He wished the five little Doubledays were there. How they'd enjoy it! But their pew was empty. Widow Doubleday must not be so well. Suddenly the sermon and the dinner-smell and the Widow Doubleday got all mixed up.

David could hardly wait for church to be over. He hardly bothered to satisfy Polly's curiosity about the footstove. He was having an idea.

"Mother!" he whispered eagerly as they got into the sleigh, footstoves and blankets and all. "Could Polly and I take some of our Thanksgiving goodies—a turkey, even—to the Doubledays? They'll not have much. The sermon and the good smell in church made me think of it."

Mother looked at Father and both looked at Grandmother. She seemed very happy at David's idea. Polly wished she had thought of it herself.

"We'd better drive around that way now," Father said. "I can do up chores for the good widow and Mother can make the little Doubledays comfortable while you take Grandmother home. Then come back for us, bringing the cakes and pies—and surely a turkey."

"May I take the long cut home?" David asked, when they reached Doubledays. They said he might, for he loved to drive on the hard-packed snowy road that lay along by the sea.

Grandmother held tight to her bonnet. Polly kept her nose in her muff. David, when he wasn't watching Gyp lest she stumble, kept his eyes on the foaming ocean. Tide was running high. Waves crashed in and the wind lifted spray clear across the beach into their faces. David wished he had the spyglass he kept in a squirrel's nest up at the big oak. There might be a sail far out—

"Whoa, Gyp! Grandmother! Polly! An overturned dory is bobbing out there! And a man's trying to make shore, swimming!"

Grandmother could not see, at first, but she knew that on such a day the ablest seaman might be caught on the rocks.

"It's good we came this way," she said calmly. "Is there time to drive home for the long rope?"

David shook his head. He was unwinding the tippet from about his neck.

"With this and yours, Polly—" Already Polly had hers off. David tied them quickly together. "And can we spare a blanket?"

Grandmother nodded. She helped while he slashed the stout homespun into strips with his knife, then knotted the strips end-to-end with the tippets, making a sort of rope. With it wound around his waist, David slipped off his shoes and started wading and swimming toward a rock which lay halfway between shore and the floundering man. The water stung, then warmed him. He ploughed through breaker after breaker, reached the rock.

At chance of rescue the man took heart, renewed his struggle with the sea. He grasped the "rope" David was able to swing far out in a lull of the wind, and half-swimming, half-dragged, he also made the rock. Only for a minute David let him rest. "Tide's still running. It won't be so far if we go now."

The haggard man nodded. They set off, side by side, but at the last David fairly carried him onto shore and with Grandmother's help got him into the sleigh. Polly threw blankets over them both. Grandmother chafed hands and wrists of the nearly unconscious man, while David loosened his shoes and placed his feet on the still-warm footstove.

Under the blankets the man began to mutter. It sounded like a prayer. "Oh, don't let me drown entirely till I've had some of the fine mutton pasty I'm smellin'. Or maybe it's that I'm in heaven already—"

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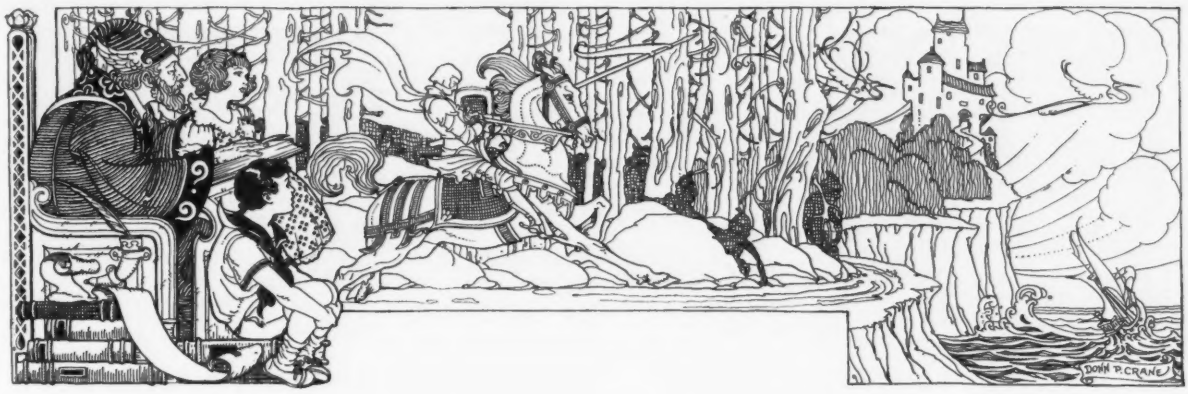

Fairy Tales and the Spirit

By Bertha E. Mahony
Editor of "*The Horn Book*."

It is said that to-day more people are better off than ever before. In America if we think in terms of food and things, that is doubtless true, but if we think in terms of the spirit, it is far from true. We have widespread so-called education and with it a widespread thick layer of the commonplace. Our education fails to produce the fineness of cultivation. By cultivation is meant something which has nothing to do with colleges and universities but a quality which unlettered people often have to a marked degree. Many early New Englanders had it; the American Indians had it; certain people the world around have it. It is the outward expression of a properly nourished inward life.

"For the soul and heart of man starves and dies" without its own food. What is the spirit's food? The answer is beauty. And for proper growth it must be had from the beginning along with milk. The first form of beauty a little child may experience is the beauty of love in human relationship. His next form is the beauty of words. And as he proceeds in life, beauty of the physical world and beauty of words will together form the richest nourishment for his spirit.

Perhaps our trouble here in America is that we no longer recognize the need for spiritual food. The savage Indian's spirit fed upon his worship of nature, and his religious ideals gave beauty and dignity to his life. It is impossible to measure the effect of the words of the Bible upon children of earlier generations where its language has been a matter of daily familiarity from earliest years. And in remote communities where few have been able to read but the profession of story-telling has flourished, the spirit has been more fully fed than in this age of so much enlightenment.

A little child's spirit absorbs beauty of words as naturally as flowers take dew and sun and in just as intangible ways. Poetry is the essence of language, and that may be given a child as early as lullabies—not just childish poetry written for babes, but the beautiful words of the Psalms chanted and such poetry as is rhythmically strong.

At two years begins the literature which is so closely kin to poetry—the fable, the folk and the fairy tale. Truth is told as strongly in fable, legend, fairy tale and poetry as in history, mathematics and science. There is nothing more wonderful in the world of fairy than exists in the natural world. Many of the nursery and folk tales have come down to us from the childhood of the race. They are common to all peoples and so seem naturally the literature of childhood. Then, too, they present, if they are fables, universal truths in the form easiest for a child to absorb, and if they are fairy tales, they tell of different types of men and women—kind and unkind, honest and dishonest, simple and clever, and so prepare him for the world as it is.

Horace Scudder made one of the best collections of tales for the nursery some years ago and to-day his "Book of Fables and Folk Stories" will give mothers a most satisfactory group of fables and familiar fairy tales—the best tales from Charles Perrault, the Brothers Grimm and Madame D'Aulnoy, those early collectors of folk tales in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

As a child grows a little older, in the years from five to eight, the books edited by Joseph Jacobs are among the very best. He was a folklore scholar but the story was the important thing to him. He made one of the best collections of fables, "Fables of Æsop" and fine collections of fairy tales, English, Celtic and Indian. In these years there are, too, American fairy tales—the Uncle Remus stories, gathered from the Negroes by Joel Chandler Harris, and the folk tales of the American Indians, of which there are many collections. Henry R. Schoolcraft

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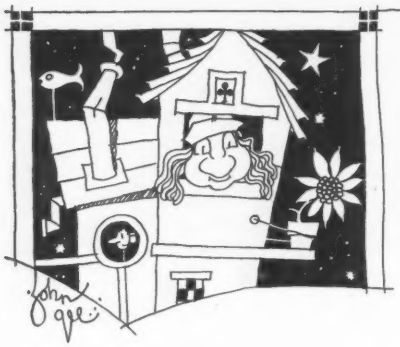
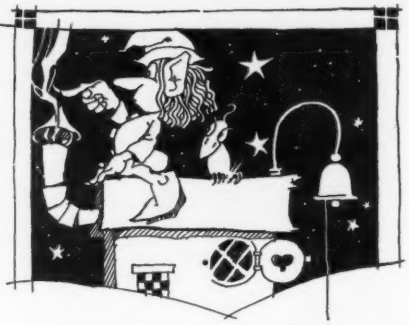


DORIS and the TROLLS



By Richard Atwater
Author of "*Rickety Rhymes*," etc.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

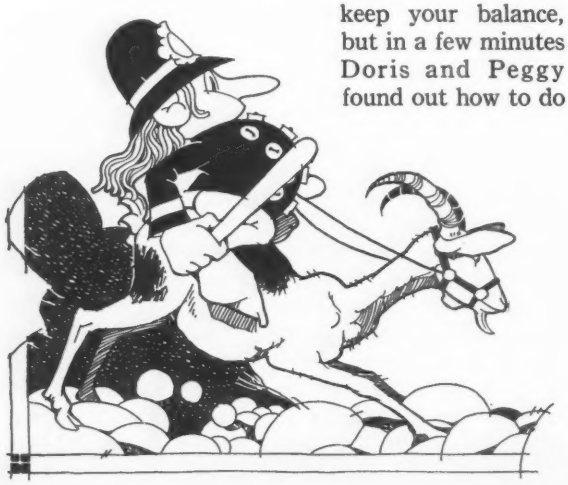
Doris and Peggy just can't play quietly, their scampering kitten Mitzi keeps playing such tricks on them. "She must be a troll cat, she is so naughty," says Doris. "What are trolls, Doris?" asks Peggy. So this is the story Doris tells Peggy about the trolls who live under a bridge. Following Mitzi down a fireplace, Doris and Peggy fall down an ash chute into a dark place where two trolls with firefly lanterns and a fairy, Razelda (who wears a Ting Tang necklace and is under a spell to serve the trolls until she regains a lost pair of scissors), come to take the children to Troll Town. On magic troller skates they come to a bridge, where the tricky trolls push Doris and Peggy off; and down they fall in the moonlight.

Chapter III

What Happens when you Meet a Troll Policeman

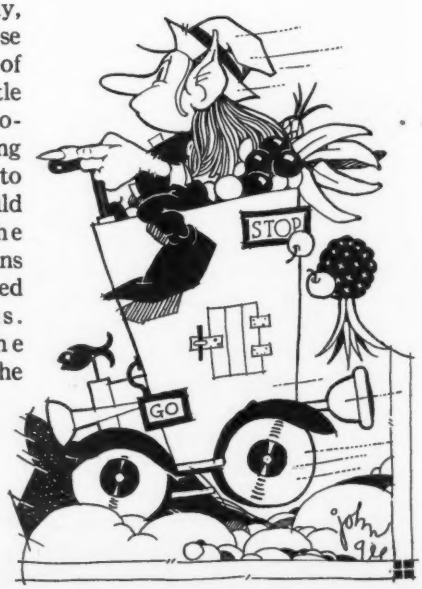
AFTER Doris and Peggy had fallen quite a while they looked up, and way high overhead, the bridge the trolls had pushed them from looked like a high dark cloud in the sky; and behind the cloud the round moon's face was grinning at them, as if the man in the moon were a troll, too. But just then the children's feet touched something soft and round, and they bounced back up in the air a little, and then down again, and they saw what they had thought were bubbles in a river were really millions of little toy balloons of different colors. These balloons were what the streets of the Troll Town were paved with, instead of stones; and that's why it didn't hurt when you fell on them, they were so soft and bouncy.

It was kind of hard to stand up right on the balloons at first and keep your balance, but in a few minutes Doris and Peggy found out how to do it without slipping on the smooth balloons, and so they stood there hand in hand, looking in wonder at the curious streets of Troll Town.



On both sides of the streets were funny looking troll houses, not square and straight like regular houses, but all crooked and wiggly as if a little child had drawn them on a blackboard. Whoever had built the troll houses had forgotten to draw any doors, but each had crazy, crooked windows upstairs, and every house was drawn in a different color and of a different height. Each house had a high crooked chimney out of which smoke was coming in black curlycues, and one house had a ladder going up to its roof, and you never saw such a funny ladder, it was so crooked. Here and there you could see a troll sticking his head out of one of the upstairs windows in one of the houses, and three trolls were sitting on one of the chimneys trying to catch the curlycue smoke with their fingernails, and on one roof-top six trolls were standing on their heads.

In the streets between the crooked houses, little troll cars and wagons were zigzagging around as if they didn't care where they were going. There were wagons full of puffballs drawn by teams of mice, and there were teams of gophers pulling wagons loaded with milkweed hay, and beside these were a lot of trolls in little troll automobiles, laughing and trying to see if they could run into the puffball wagons or the milkweed hay wagons. And in the middle of the street, almost being run over all the time by all these wagons and



cars and mice and gophers, was a troll policeman mounted on a billy goat. The troll policeman wore a blue vest and purple trousers, and his troll cap was very blue and, of course, he had a little star on his blue vest. Every time the troll automobiles tried to run into the mounted policeman, the billy goat he rode would cry, "Baaaa!" and at other times the billy goat would stick his head into a milkweed hay wagon and eat some of the milkweed hay.

"My goodness," said Doris, "I never saw such crazy trolls."

The policeman must have heard her, for he looked over at the children and began galloping toward them on his billy goat.

"I'm afraid of the billy goat, Doris," said Peggy.

And as Peggy clung to Doris, even Doris was a little scared when the billy goat put his bearded head down low as if he were going to butt them in a moment. But just then one of the troll automobiles ran into the billy goat and the policeman fell off and the billy goat chased the troll automobile down the street and around the corner somewhere.

"I hope you aren't hurt," said Doris, as the policeman picked himself up off the balloons in the street.

"You can't hurt a troll," said the policeman with a laugh. "You two are strangers here, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Doris. "Our kitten, Mitzi, took us down a fireplace, and then she disappeared, and then the Ting Tang fairy told us to come here, and she's disappeared, and we don't know what to do next."

"If I were as dirty as you two are," said the policeman, "I'd know what to do next."

Doris looked down at her voile dress and she was ashamed to see how dirty it was. Instead of purple it was all black and full of ashes. Then she saw her hands were just as black, and she looked at Peggy, and Peggy's face and hands and her rompers were just terrible, they were so full of ashes and soot.

"That's from the fireplace and the pile of ashes we fell in," said Doris.

"Well," said the policeman. "You certainly must have had a good time in that pile of ashes. I never saw such a pair of children in my life. Never. I wouldn't have believed two children could get so full of ashes. Why don't you get washed?"

"We don't know where the bathroom is," said Doris.

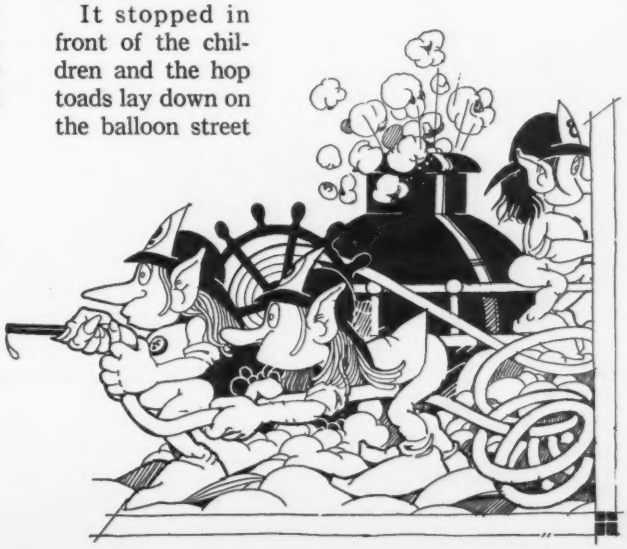
"Behind you," said the policeman. "Turn the faucet."

And shaking his trollish head at the ashiness of the strange children, the policeman went up the street to look for his billy goat.

So the children turned around, and there was a washstand right there on the street corner fastened to a short pole, quite as if it had been a mailbox, thought Doris. Only it wasn't a mail box, because it had a faucet. So she took Peggy over to the washstand and turned the faucet, and they were quite surprised when nothing happened and no water came out of the faucet. Only up the street somewhere a siren whistle screamed and there was a hopping and clopping sound, and Doris and Peggy turned around to see what was coming.

It was a shiny little troll fire engine, drawn by four hop toads, hopping and galloping toward them while the trolls on the fire engine's sides pulled their siren whistle and the steam rolled up out of the fire engine.

It stopped in front of the children and the hop toads lay down on the balloon street



and went to sleep, and the troll firemen in their red suits and red pointed caps jumped down from the sides of the little fire engine and began unrolling the fire hose. And Doris noticed that what she had thought was white steam coming out of the fire engine's chimney was really one burst after another of white popcorn.

But she didn't have time to notice the queerness of this popcorn coming out of a fire engine very much, for by this time the troll firemen had the fire hose all unreeled and were pointing the nozzle of the hose at the two children.

"Are you the two children that turned on that faucet to be washed?" asked one of the troll firemen.

"Yes," said Doris. "But—"

Whoosh!

They were just deluged by the stream of water that came out of the fire engine hose the trolls were pointing at them.

The girls screamed and jumped up and down and tried to run away from this terrible shower bath, but all the time the troll firemen in their red suits kept laughing harder and harder at them and pointed the hose at them wherever they ran. Then suddenly they turned the hose off and wound it up again on the fire engine, and the hop toads woke up, and the trolls climbed back on the engine and away it went back up the street and around the corner.

"Anyway, we're clean again," said Doris, looking at her soaked dress and her little sister's dripping rompers. "But are we wet!"

"How can we get dry, Doris?" said Peggy.

"I suppose," said Doris, "if we ask the trolls how we can get dry, they will tell us something and it will be another trick on us."

"Come here if you want to get dry," said a voice.

They looked up, and there was a grinning troll sticking his head out of the upstairs window of one of those little houses that didn't have any doors. He beckoned to them.

Chapter IV
King Brex and Queen Wigweed

"Try to come in," said the troll, sticking his head back in the window and waving his fingers impudently at them as he disappeared.

"How can we get in when there isn't any door?" said Peggy.

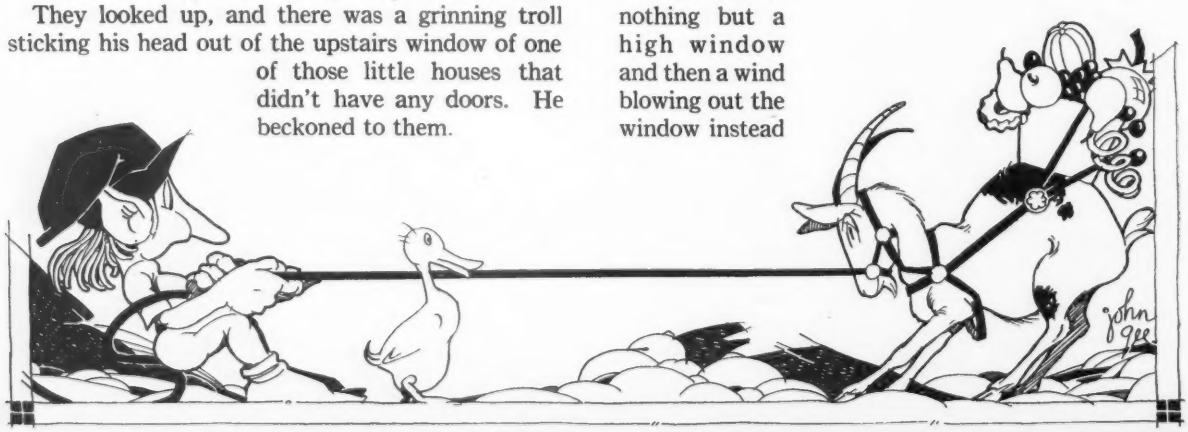
"If he got in, I suppose we can," said Doris. She was rather puzzled though. There was the house with nothing but an upstairs window in its front, and while another house across the street had that crazy looking ladder going up to its roof, it looked as if the ladder would fall to pieces if she tried to move it, or even if she did move it, it would surely come to pieces if they tried to climb it.

"Maybe the trolls jump up to the windows," said Peggy. And she tried to see how high she could jump. The balloons that the street was paved with were pretty good things to jump on, for Peggy bounced clear over Doris' head before she came down again.

"If we hold hands and jump together, Peggy," said Doris, "maybe we can bounce high enough to reach that window."

After practicing several times they finally bounced hard enough to reach the window, and Doris reached with her other hand that Peggy wasn't holding to grab the window frame before they fell down again. But an awful wind was blowing out of the window into their faces, and if the troll inside the house hadn't appeared again and grasped their hands they would never have succeeded. Even as it was, the wind blew against the children so hard that, even with the troll to help them, they had all they could do to get inside the window.

"I never saw such a house," said Doris, "with no doors and nothing but a high window and then a wind blowing out the window instead



of in. But anyway the wind blew us dry again."

"Is that why they call it a window?" said Peggy.

"It wouldn't be much of a window," said the troll, "if there wasn't a good wind blowing out of it. My goodness, if you think that was much of a wind, you should try to come through one of our storm windows. Wouldn't you like to try it?"

"I don't think we would care to go in one of your storm windows," said Doris politely.

"Anyway," said the troll, "you can now follow me, and I will take you to the king and queen of the trolls."

Doris smoothed her voile dress with her hands, and saw to it that Peggy's rompers were all nicely buttoned. She was glad they were both all nice and clean again, and dry, if they were going to meet a king and queen.

"I wish Mitzi could see the king and queen of the trolls," said Peggy.

"Mitzi is our kitten," explained Doris.

"I should say," said the troll, rubbing his long nose with his fingers, "that Mitzi is *our* kitten."

"Then she really is a troll cat?" said Doris. "That's what my daddy always says, because Mitzi eats cheese instead of mice as other kittens do. Will we see Mitzi here?"

"You'll see," said the troll with a grin. "Follow me, girls." And the troll climbed up on a bookcase in the room and opened a door in the ceiling. Waving to the children, the troll hopped up into the ceiling and disappeared.

"What a goofy kind of a place," said Doris to Peggy. "Here they tell us to climb up on bookcases, and if we did that at home Mother would probably spank us."

"She can't spank us here," said Peggy. "Let's climb up the bookcase, Doris."

So they climbed up the bookcase, and for a minute it looked as if the bookcase were going to fall under them as they stepped from one shelf to the higher one. But somehow nothing happened, except that the books all fell out, and the troll up above reached down to pull them up through the door in the ceiling and closed it after them. And there they were!

"Why, it's just like a theater!" cried Doris. "Look, Peggy!" And sure enough, there were rows and rows of seats just as in a theater, and hundreds of trolls were sitting in the seats with their backs turned to the children. All you could see were the backs of the seats, and above each seat the back of a troll's head, with his ears sticking out on both sides under the back of his pointed cap.

THE KING AND THE QUEEN!

Up in front, where all the sitting trolls were probably looking, was a stage with red velvet curtains all lighted up.

"But where do we sit?" asked Doris, who was puzzled, because as far as she could see there wasn't a seat anywhere that didn't already have a troll in it.

"You don't sit," said the troll who had brought them here. "You go on the stage."

As if they had heard this, all the trolls in the rows of seats suddenly clapped their hands all at once.

"I can dance pretty well," said Doris, "and I guess Peggy can dance a little bit. But I feel kind of ashamed to dance on the stage before all these troll people."

"I'm glad of that," said the troll, and he pushed the children ahead of him up the aisle to the stage, and he pushed them up onto the stage platform, and then he scampered back down the aisle and all the trolls laughed and stamped their feet and made cuckoo noises at the children on the stage.

"I guess they want us to do a cuckoo dance," said Doris to Peggy.

"How do we do that, Doris?" said Peggy.

"Well, I could show you better if there was some music," said Doris. And she looked around to see if there was a radio somewhere so she could turn it on and have music to dance to, but there wasn't one. But suddenly the trolls stopped stamping their feet and shouting, and Doris noticed the red velvet curtains were going up. And now Doris and Peggy were not alone on the stage, for in front of them was a big room all full of trees. Under the trees were two big high-chairs, and a troll with a gold crown on his head sat in one high-chair, and a lady troll with a silver crown on her head sat in the other high-chair. They were the king of the trolls and the queen of the trolls, and they were eating their dinner. They wore big white bibs.

[*Continued on page 571*]

THE PRICKLY PRINCE

A BOOK PLAY IN ONE ACT

BY MARJORIE BARROWS

INTRODUCING

KING CURLY-Q

QUEEN TIGHTY (because she grew too fat to be called Titania).

PETTYJOHN, the Prickly Prince.

MISS NAGG, the private wizardess.

NED, NELLY } everyday children.

BOOK CHARACTERS (you can have more if you like) { PETER PAN, CINDERELLA, ROBIN HOOD, TOM SAWYER, REBECCA, HANS BRINKER, JO MARCH

WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP. Here is a cozy-looking throne room that any palace should be proud of. Certainly King Curly-Q and Queen Tighty and all the kingdom of the Fuss Budgets feel that it is simple and homelike with its couch, its rocking chairs thrones decked out in purple bows and gold lace. Near-by is a royal footstool for the Prickly Prince and a low table upon which you will see a telephone, a dinner bell and a bowl of lollypops for decoration.

FAT QUEEN TIGHTY runs in panting just as the curtain goes up. She wears her gold crown sideways and a royal purple dress, of course, but she also wears a white apron over *that* and carries a feather duster that she whisks around briskly. She hums the tune of "Farmer in the Dell" but breaks off suddenly and rings the dinner bell, which in some way is connected to the telephone. Then she picks up the receiver.

QUEEN TIGHTY (*sweetly*): Hello. Hello. This is Queen Tighty. Give me King Curly-Q's room, please. (*Impatiently*) Hello. That you, Curly? Well, why aren't you here? Where? Here. In the throne room, of course, getting ready for your son's birthday. Do you mean to say you've forgotten Prince Pettyjohn *has* a birthday? The idea! What? I said, the idea! You've lost your collar button? Well, find it. And be sure you bring the presents, dear. WHAT? I said BRING THE PRESENTS! (*hangs up the receiver with a jerk*) Drat that man! I do wish he didn't have such a good forgettery.

[*She continues her song and her dusting, until the* KING *runs in, crown, purple cape, ermine trimming and all, his arms laden with presents—drums, tops, airplane, horn, bow and arrows, watch, box of candy, train of cars and ship—none wrapped up.*]

KING CURLY-Q (*breathlessly*): Here they are, my dear Tighty. I *do* hope Pettyjohn will like them.

QUEEN TIGHTY (*helping him stack them on the table*): So do I. But he *is* getting rather prickly and discontented lately. Isn't he? I hear our subjects are beginning to call him the *Prickly Prince*. And they're sort of fuss budgets themselves.

KING CURLY-Q: Down into the royal dungeon goes the first one I *hear* calling our precious little Pettyjohn *that*. Prickly Prince,

indeed!

QUEEN TIGHTY: Well, he is. Why can't Miss Nagg amuse him? What's the good of having a private wizardess for your son if she doesn't?

KING CURLY-Q: That reminds me. [*He rings bells and picks up receiver.*] Miss Nagg, please. Miss Nagg? King Curly-Q speaking. We are waiting for you and those other presents in the throne room. Please hurry. (*Hangs up receiver and turns darkly to Queen*) I'll see that she amuses him this time. *I'll see* that she does!

QUEEN TIGHTY (*turning from a mirror on the wall where she has been powdering her nose with a huge powder puff*): How? (*In a loud whisper*) Here's Miss Nagg now.

[MISS NAGG *enters from left, pulling a wagon filled with more toys.* KING *and* QUEEN *promptly sit down in their rocking chair thrones and put on huge spectacles.* MISS NAGG *holds up her hand to speak, just as though she were in school. They pay no attention to her.*

MISS NAGG (*still waving her hand, but unable to keep silent another tick of the clock*): If you please, your majesties—I'm here!

QUEEN TIGHTY (*looking the other way*): So you are.

KING CURLY-Q (*staring straight ahead*): Nothing new about *that.*

[*There is another silence.*]

MISS NAGG (*waving her hand again*): And here are the presents—harmonica, camera, skates, football, tennis racket, puzzles and—

KING CURLY-Q: Yes, yes. Yes, yes. Never mind naming them all. But if nothing amuses Pettyjohn to-day—out you go.

MISS NAGG: Wh- wh- wh- wh-a-a-at, your ma- ma- ma- majesty?

KING CURLY-Q (*darkly*): Out you go—if you can't make the prince smile before sunset. Wizardess hat, wand, cape—all will be taken away from you. And the wizardess salary, too! And you will have to be the third assistant scullery maid, instead.

MISS NAGG (*clasping her hands pleadingly*): Not that, your majesty, not that! Why without my wizardess salary, my poor widowed mother would have to give up waffles and sausages and chocolate sundaes. She would have to live on nothing but spinach and green tea! Please, your majesty, don't make me a third assistant scullery maid!

KING CURLY-Q (*firmly*): You heard me. Here comes Pettyjohn now.

[*The* PRICKLY PRINCE *enters from left. He wears a lace collar and a sash and a green or black suit. Also a frown—a big one.*]

QUEEN TIGHTY (*holding out her arms*):

Darling!

KING CURLY-Q (*holding out his, too*): My son!

PRICKLY PRINCE (*letting them kiss him but pulling away fretfully when they start to hug*): Oh, for the love of mud, don't be so goofy!

QUEEN TIGHTY (*wiping her eyes with her hanky*): Don't use such strong language, darling.

KING CURLY-Q (*glaring at Miss Nagg, who cringes*): It's the duty of a wizardess to keep you from inelegant speech.

PRICKLY PRINCE: Oh, for the love of mud! (*Turns and sees presents*) These my birthday presents? Ho! hum! [*He examines them one by one, occasionally with a look of mild interest. The others watch him eagerly, and sigh loudly when he frowns or shakes his head in disgust. After he handles them all he sighs, too, and sits down in a discouraged fashion on his royal footstool, whispering loudly to himself, "Goofy—that's what!"*

QUEEN TIGHTY: Don't you like your pretty toys, darling?

PRICKLY PRINCE (*hiding a yawn*): Fine. Thank you very much.

KING CURLY-Q: That drum and those puzzles—pretty good—eh?

PRICKLY PRINCE (*lifting his brows*): Great.

MISS NAGG (*imploringly*): Oh, your highness, *please* smile! Why don't you like your presents?

PRICKLY PRINCE: They're all right. But —why didn't you buy me something *different*, something that I'll never get tired of, something that I could pal around with and laugh at and get sort of excited over? I kind of thought you would.

QUEEN TIGHTY: You've had everything. That's the trouble. Miss Nagg will have to find you something *new*.

KING CURLY-Q: That's it, Miss Nagg, something new! What's the good of a wizard wand if you don't know how to use it?

MISS NAGG (*looking at her wand*): I'll try. But it is a bit warped, I'm afraid.

[*A horn sounds off stage.*]

PRICKLY PRINCE (*getting up*): There's the breakfast horn. Ho! hum! I'm not hungry, but come on.

QUEEN TIGHTY (*hoisting herself out of her throne with the aid of* MISS NAGG *and the* KING): Lots of little boys like you would be thankful to have chicken croquettes and pancakes and syrup and blueberry muffins for breakfast.

KING CURLY-Q: I'm hungry and maybe you will be at the table. Let's start.

[*They form a dignified procession,* KING, QUEEN, *and* PRINCE, *lifting each foot up primly and holding their chins very high. They go off at the left, leaving* MISS NAGG *alone. She begins to sniff.*]

MISS NAGG (*pressing a hanky to her eyes*): O, dear. O, dear. O, dear. O, dear o! Nothing but spinach and green tea for my poor widowed mother! [*She looks sadly at her wand.*] I saw some children out walking in the royal woods this morning. They had lost their way. [*She blinks fast and sits up straighter.*] I'll summon them here and maybe they can help me! [*She shuts her eyes and*

waves her wand over her head in three circles.] Cadabra! Cadabra! Cadoodle! Cadoo! [*She opens her eyes just as* NED *and* NELLY *run in from the right. They all smile shyly at each other.*]

NED: I beg your pardon. We must have come in here by mistake. I'm Ned.

NELLY: I think I know the way home, though. I'm Nelly.

MISS NAGG: I'm Miss Nagg, the royal wizardess, and I sent for you to help me.

NED (*staring at her hard*): I didn't know a wizardess needed helping.

NELLY (*stepping toward her*): What could *we* do?

MISS NAGG: Find some way of amusing Pettyjohn, the Prickly Prince, before sunset to-day. If he isn't given something new that he can pal around with and laugh at and get sort of excited over and never get tired of—why, King Curly-Q is going to change me into a third assistant scullery maid. [*Her voice breaks and she wipes her eyes with her hanky.*] And—and—*that* means my poor widowed mother will have to live on green tea and spinach and never have waffles or sausage or chocolate sundaes again—ever! [*She bursts into loud boo-hoos and* NELLY *and* NED *both run over to comfort her.*]

NELLY (*patting her back*): There, there, don't cry. Perhaps we can think of *something.*

NED (*looking doubtful*): *Perhaps.*

[*They both seat themselves on the couch with* MISS NAGG *between them and think hard.*]

NELLY (*looking over at the toys*): Are these the things that don't amuse him? My, those silver skates are dandy. They look like Hans Brinker's.

NED: And the bow and arrows I bet are as good as Robin Hood's.

MISS NAGG (*indifferently*): Who are they? Friends of yours?

NELLY (*laughing*): Book friends, you know. Surely, you've read their books? (MISS NAGG *shakes her head.*] You *haven't?*

NED (*suddenly*): Why, there isn't a single book among all those presents! Doesn't the Prickly Prince *like* books?

MISS NAGG: He has a dictionary, of course, and a speller. And I have "Easy Lessons in Magic." But I've always thought other books were dull, so—

NED AND NELLY: Dull! Dull! Books *dull!*

MISS NAGG (*doubtfully*): Aren't they?

NELLY: Books, the right kind of books, are never dull. They are your friends, your pals, that are always waiting to take you on wonderful adventures!

NED: Books are fun. Lots of them make you laugh and laugh. And they're exciting, too.

NELLY: Some are beautiful and thrilling. They make you want to do big things, books that are well written and *interesting* and *real!*

MISS NAGG (*clapping her hands*): You've got it! Something new that he can pal around with and laugh at and get sort of

[*Continued on page 562*]

The Goblin of the Wood Puzzle—

Find Will, the Husband, and the Mayor of Kitty's Dream

By Helen Hudson

Cry-Baby

By Margaret Curtis Walters

THERE were really lots of things that Billy-June Spalding wasn't afraid of. She wasn't afraid of horses and had stuck on more than once when one ran away. She wasn't afraid of brown men with almost no clothes on and crooked *kris* knives stuck in their sashes. She wasn't afraid of the inside of mines. She wasn't afraid of dogs. She wasn't afraid of water. In fact, when you counted up the things she wasn't afraid of, it made a very imposing list, and anyone would have decided that Billy-June was a very brave girl.

The reason she wasn't afraid of so many things was that her father was a mining engineer, and Billy-June and her mother had gone with him to all kinds of queer places. And now he had gone off to Alaska, and after lots and lots of talking, he and Mrs. Spalding had decided that Billy-June and her mother had better stay in Seattle, so that Billy-June might go to Interlake school like any ordinary American girl.

"She simply must get over this dreadful shyness," said her mother, who wanted to stay for Billy-June's sake.

"Won't she outgrow it anyhow?" asked her father, who naturally wanted his pretty wife and little daughter who wasn't afraid of most things to go with him.

Her mother had shaken her head rather dubiously.

"Lots of parents would be glad to have their daughters see as much of the world as she has," said Mr. Spalding.

"Yes, but just now she needs school, and companions, and people."

You see, Billy-June had never been in a big school before, although she knew as much about reading and writing and arithmetic as most girls of ten, and knew ever so much more about geography. Most of the places where her father had gone had boasted of no school, and sometimes the schools were conducted in other languages than English. Once or twice she had been in English or American schools, but they were wee one-room affairs. For the most part, her mother and father had taught her.

That meant that Billy-June had never had much experience playing with boys and girls of her own age, or going to school with them, and it meant that she had never had a chance to learn not to be afraid of the one thing she was afraid of.

The one thing she was afraid of was *people*—not ordinary people, of course, or people one met and talked to on boats and in mines or in camps. But rows of people sitting and looking at you, while you tried to "speak a piece" or read something, terrified Billy-June. She had seen other little girls play the piano at entertainments, or recite, or even read their lessons in front of an audience—and that was the sort of thing she didn't think she could ever do. And that was the "shyness" that her father and mother were so worried about.

Billy-June felt a little shy as her mother led her to Interlake School and up to Room 19, after some talk with the principal. But the minute they stepped in, and saw the 5A class busy at all kinds of things, and the rosy, curly-headed teacher who looked almost like a little girl herself, Billy-June knew there wasn't anything to be afraid of here, even if there were more children in this one room than she had ever seen together in her whole life, except once at a Sunday School party in the Philippines.

"Look, Mother!" Over in one corner eight or ten were working at a sand-table making a map. They put in bits of green paper for orchards and lumber, tufts of cotton wool on pins for

sheep, and funniest of all, copper wire for copper mines. Billy-June's fingers knew they could make a shaft and dump for a mine. In another corner more boys and girls were making a little log house and canoes out of brown paper. Billy-June had seen real canoes, and had traveled in them.

"Shall I go home now?" Her mother smiled. "Do you think you can find the way home all right?"

In a minute her mother was gone, but there were so many interesting things to look at and do that Billy-June didn't have time to realize that she was alone with lots of people she had never seen before. But, of course, boys and girls didn't exactly class as *people*.

In a short time, Billy-June was in love with Room 5A, and was quite an asset to them on geography projects, for she could tell how mines were built, and how a Mexican wears a poncho, and how rice is cultivated and all sorts of things like that. In turn she learned to be excited about whether Interlake would win the soccer championship from B. F. Day and whether Room 19 would collect the most old newspapers in the paper drive. And, although she just shook her head when Miss O'Neill called on her to read the first week, by the end of the second week she could stand up and read to the class.

"Dear Daddy," she wrote to her father way off in Alaska. "I like school. The boys and girls are all very nice, and we have a lot of good times. I am getting very brave, and can read in front of the class without wanting to be a cry-baby any more. Maybe I will be taken into the Fireflies."

She knew her father would be proud of that. And then the dreadful thing happened! Billy-June had been in Room 19 almost a month when everyone began to talk about something they called a P. T. A. program. And Miss O'Neil decided that it would be nice if Billy-June read a little story about some of the queer things she had seen in other countries. Billy-June liked to write, and she had written this as a sort of extra special composition, because she liked Miss O'Neill so much, and because she liked to write things on her mother's little typewriter.

"Wouldn't you like to have Billy-June read her story for the P. T. A. meeting?" Miss O'Neil asked, and the class voted yes with enthusiasm.

"But, Miss O'Neill, I—I couldn't," Billy-June felt herself turning red and miserable.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I can't read."

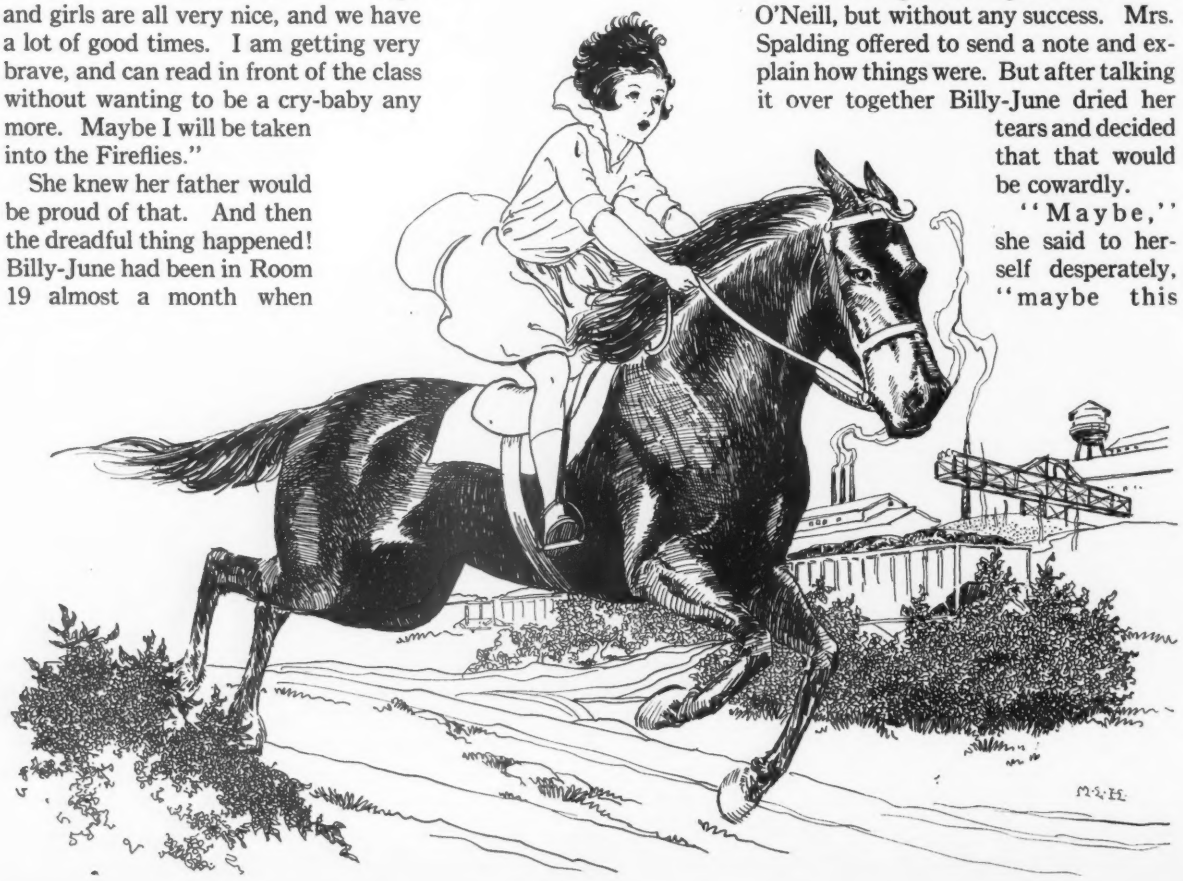
"You read nicely, and the story is very interesting."

And Miss O'Neill paid no attention to Billy-June's attempts at explanation and Billy sat back miserably in her seat.

Trying to stand up in front of people was worse than snakes or earthquakes or horses or storms at sea, she thought unhappily. She had tried it before, and had resolved to be brave, and then her knees shook and her hands shook and her voice sounded queer. The worst of it was that she acted like a cry-baby! And Billy-June didn't cry when she was hurt, scarcely ever, which made it worse.

She tried again to explain it to Miss O'Neill, but without any success. Mrs. Spalding offered to send a note and explain how things were. But after talking it over together Billy-June dried her tears and decided that that would be cowardly.

"Maybe," she said to herself desperately, "maybe this



time, if I try hard, I can be brave. I must be."

She knew that if a person tries *very* hard, he sometimes can do things that look impossible. She remembered the time when her father's ax had slipped and cut his foot, and Billy-June had ridden down the mountain all by herself to bring help from the town.

So she practiced reading, and spent the week making up her mind that she would be brave. But when Friday afternoon came, everything went wrong. The clock in the dining room stopped, and they didn't notice it until it was almost one o'clock. Billy-June ran all the way, but was late just the same, which made her feel disgraced. Then when the class marched down to the assembly room, and she saw all those people sitting in rows, her heart just stopped! And then the lady who was presiding said, after the glee clubs had sung, "Billy-June Spalding is going to read a story."

She stood up. She walked to the front of the platform. She thought that maybe if she didn't *see* all those people, she would be all right. But she had to look up.

"Not every girl has a chance to live in ten different countries. But because my father is a mining engineer—"

Everyone was looking at her. She began again. Her voice began to sound funny, and before she knew what she was doing, she rushed from the platform, and out the side door of the room—ran down the corridor, and out the front door of the school—ran—and ran—and ran until she ran in and threw herself with her face on her mother's lap and told her the whole story.

Of course, her mother said not to worry, and sent a note to Miss O'Neill. But Billy-June knew it *did* matter. She was ten years old, going on eleven, and she was still a cry-baby—the only one in Room 19 as far as she could see.

Except for Tom Mullins, who teased her, nobody in Room 19 acted as though she had disgraced them, and on the surface it seemed as though it didn't really make any difference. But underneath, Billy-June knew it did, for Room 19 was really one of the cleverest rooms in all Interlake School, and it wasn't because Room 19 said so, either! When there was an assembly or an entertainment, there were sure to be plenty of Miss O'Neill's pupils on the program. The idea of anyone in a room like that being a cry-baby was dreadful.

Worst of all, Billy-June knew that it made one big difference. Maybe she shouldn't have overheard, but she was sitting on one side of a bush scratching the ears of a very nice dog when Sally Trumbull and Alice Hutchins and Mary Gardner were talking on the other side.

"She isn't very *much* of a cry-baby!" said Alice. "She fell down the other day and skinned her hands and didn't cry a bit."

"It doesn't make any difference," said Sally emphatically. "The Winona Fireflies don't want cry-babies! Why, she'd be a disgrace to our club."

"But maybe if she were taken in, she'd stop."

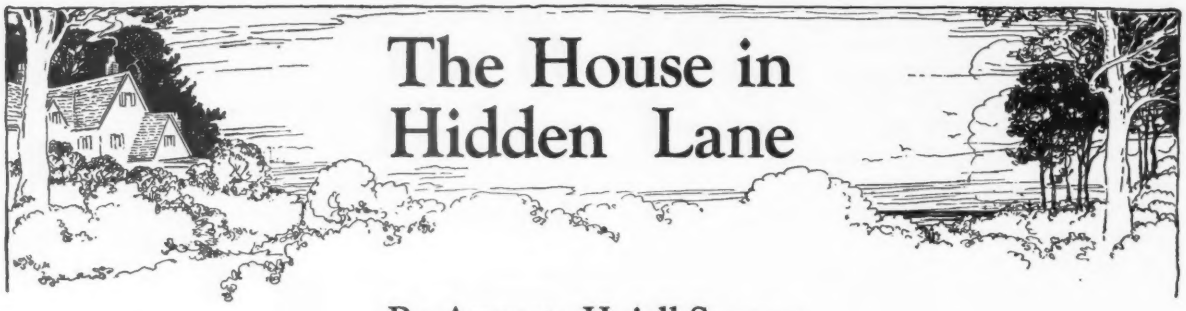
"She can stop first. I'm going to vote against her."

"And so am I."

So Billy-June knew that she couldn't be a Firefly until she could prove that she wasn't a cry-baby. And she didn't know how she could prove it, because it seemed as though she were just made that way.

Room 19 decided to give a Thanksgiving play, and to write it themselves! And unless you have been in a room like Room 19, with a curly-headed little teacher, and about thirty-five of the best students in Interlake School, you can't imagine the talking and discussing and writing and rewriting and arguing and voting that went on! Even Miss O'Neill could scarcely imagine it herself sometimes,

[*Continued from page 590*]



The House in Hidden Lane

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

Author of "*The Secret of Tate's Beach*," "*The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes*," "*The Disappearance of Anna Shair*," "*A Book of Mysteries*," etc.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Junior and Bettina Tanner, together with their mother, Magnolia the colored maid, and their twin cousins, Lucien and Lucile Moran (more generally known as Lucky and Lulu) go to Seabranch to spend the summer in the old house, variously called "Aunt Abigail's white elephant" or the "house in Hidden Lane," because of the narrow lane overgrown with shrubbery which leads to it. The house had been willed by Great-aunt Abigail to Mrs. Moran, Junior's Aunt Annabel, on the condition that she or some other close relative occupy it for three months out of every year for fifteen years, after which time she will be free to sell it. This is the last of the fifteen years and, although they find the old house rather gloomy, they have agreed to occupy it in order that Aunt Annabel, who is spending the summer in Europe, may not lose it.

A letter from Aunt Annabel tells how Great-aunt Abigail had left her a collection of very worthwhile trinkets, but how after her death not a sign of them could be found. The old lady had her own curious hiding places for things, but for fourteen years Aunt Annabel had been unable to discover them. Now that she will sell the old place in another year, she hopes that the children will be interested in carrying on the search during the summer, and of course the four of them are wildly excited at the prospect. The attic, the bedroom, the cellar, a queer little loft above Magnolia's room over the kitchen and the barn yield nothing very helpful. One night Junior sees a prowler coming toward the house and hides himself in the heavy draperies of the window to see if he can discover who it is. Then just at the wrong moment he sneezes, and the figure takes fright and runs. Mrs. Tanner calls on old Mrs. Lowry who had worked for Aunt Annabel, but finds her very unfriendly. Timmie, her grandson, is just as unfriendly to the boys, but as time goes on he grows more sociable and plays often with the children. He tells them an absurd story about a ghost that is supposed to haunt the place; but though they know this is foolish and tell him so, they are worried by the strange things that happen. For instance, Bettina sees a shadowy figure from her window one night. Ten days later Junior, in looking through the old secretary bookcase in his room, trying to find something to read, comes across a sheet of paper in an old book. He starts to read it, then, excited by his discovery, runs downstairs, calling, "See what I've found!"

Chapter V

A Message from the Past

BEFORE you could say 'Jack Robinson!' Junior had them all around him, crowding close to see what he was holding in his hand. His voice shook so with nervousness that he could

scarcely control it, but he managed to stammer,

"I was looking in a book—upstairs—and—and I found *this*—between the pages! It's a letter—to Aunt Annabel—from—from—I'm not sure whom—but I can guess—"

"Well, here! Do let see me it, Junior, and stop trying to explain it all!" Mrs. Tanner took the paper from his trembling hand and carried it to the window, the children following like a comet's tail. It was written in a shaky, uncertain hand—the writing all slanting downward, as though the writer had not been able to control the pen very well. And the ink had turned from a black to a brownish hue. But its meaning was unmistakable.

"My dear Annabel, (it ran)

"There are certain of my possessions that I have always promised you, and that I have mentioned in my will. But, as I have told you, I have them carefully hidden away in this house, in a location known to no one but myself, and I feel that you should know about it, in case anything should happen to me while you are away on that European trip. I haven't felt so well lately and am much less able to get about. Mrs. Lowry is staying with me both night and day now. She is a well-intentioned woman but rather trying at times. And, by the way, though I have not spoken of it in the will, I want her to have that large cameo brooch of mine and the set of Etruscan gold necklace and bracelets that she has always admired very much. She has really done more for me than money can ever repay, and I've lately decided that she shall have these. But I do not want to bother altering my will for a comparatively small matter like that, so I will leave it to you to see that she gets them. I have told her what I intend to do, so you will both understand.

"And now about the hiding place. As I've probably told you, my husband built this house when we were first married. He had a couple of ship's carpenters do the work, and in the main, they made a very good job of it. But they made one or two rather inconvenient mistakes, as might have been expected of men who were used only to building ships. They were mistakes that had to be altered later. And the result of one of these alterations was that—"

Mrs. Tanner stopped at the end of the sheet and looked at her son. "But, Junior, where's the rest of this?" she demanded.

"The *rest?*" he exclaimed in astonishment. "But that's all there was, Mother! I didn't read it all—just the first few lines, and then ran down here. But that's every bit there was!"

"Why, it just can't be!" cried Mrs. Tanner in exasperation. "She came to the end of the four page sheet just there, but she *must* have gone on to explain things on another sheet. Run up and get that book, Junior. You must have overlooked the rest of it somehow."

Junior tore upstairs and fetched the book and they leafed it over feverishly. But not a trace of any further writing of Aunt Abigail's could be found in it.

"Perhaps it's in one of the other books," offered Lucky hopefully. And on that suggestion they all trailed up to Junior's room and went over every other book in the old secretary-desk, but without the slightest result. There evidently *was* no other part to that letter! Tired and disgusted, they sat down at last, to read what they had, again, and talk it all over.

"There are only two explanations that I can think of," said Mrs. Tanner. "Either the other part was lost, stolen or accidentally destroyed, or else Aunt Abigail never did finish the letter, but left it just this way. The more I think of it, the more I feel certain that this latter was the case. Aunt Abigail, as I remember, was always very apt to write using a book or a magazine on her lap, rather than sitting at her writing desk, which she said tired her a good deal. I think probably she wrote this much and felt too tired to go on with it, let it slip into the book on which she had written it, and put the book back in the case, intending to finish it another day. Perhaps she didn't want to bother getting more writing-paper just then to go on. She probably left it in the book as the safest place to conceal it from prying eyes and slipped it back in the bookcase.

"Though this letter isn't dated, I'm pretty sure it must have been begun just before Aunt Abigail's death, which was very sudden, while Annabel was away in Europe one summer. If she had finished it, I'm sure she wouldn't have left it loose in a book like this, but would have sealed it in an envelope and had it mailed to Annabel. And if the other part had been lost or stolen, surely this would have gone with it. See —this sheet hasn't even been creased for folding into an envelope, which helps to prove that it never was finished. No, it's just a piece of hard luck that poor Aunt Abigail never did have a chance to finish her letter."

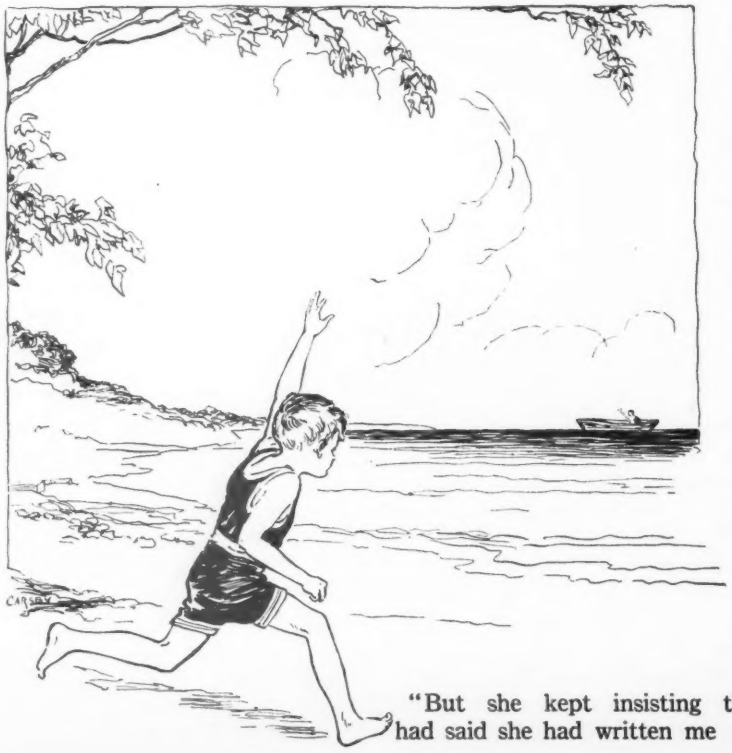
"But even this much has told us some things we didn't know," maintained Junior stoutly. "That's awfully interesting about the ship's carpenters building the house and making some mistakes that had to be fixed afterward. I'm going all over the house again to-morrow. Maybe now we can find them. There must be some ways that they show."

"Yes, and it's interesting, too, what she says about leaving those things to Mrs. Lowry," agreed his mother. "I must write to Annabel about that. It may explain why she and Mrs. Lowry didn't get on together. Probably Mrs. Lowry claimed the things, and Annabel (never having had this letter) knew nothing about it and denied that it was so. No doubt they must have had quite a dispute about it. However that may be, I never knew a more provoking thing than to have had that letter break off where it did."

They all agreed with her heartily on this point. And the next two weeks were spent in another feverish hunt from attic to cellar of the old house for any noticeable errors in building on the part of those bygone ship's carpenters. Of these mistakes, however, they could discover no evidence, except, as Mr. Tanner suggested, the fact that the kitchen ell was lower in level than the rest of the house. He suggested that they search again the loft over Magnolia's room and himself took up a few boards in the flooring. But that, too, was without result, except that Magnolia (who was not in the secret) decided they were acting peculiar and began to wonder whether she had better give notice and go back to the city.

The third week afterward came a letter from Aunt Annabel who said:

"How very singular about Aunt Abigail's letter! I'm so glad you sent it to me. Poor thing! I just know she never had a chance to finish it. Of course, I never knew about those things she wanted left to Mrs. Lowry, except that Mrs. Lowry insisted Aunt Abigail had told her she was to have them and wanted me to hand them over. I, on my part, declared I'd never heard anything about it and didn't have them to hand over anyway. I hated to tell her about Aunt Abigail having hidden them, and not being able to find even my own share!



"But she kept insisting that Aunt Abigail had said she had written me

Continued on page 578

More fun—and more thrills with the new Flexible Flyer—

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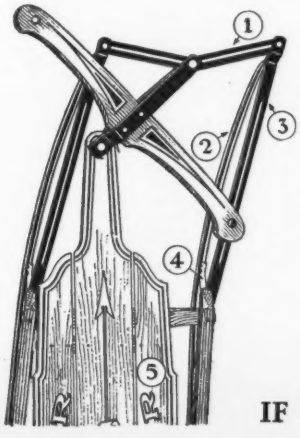
FLEXIBLE FLYER

The sled with the Eagle on it



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2. ***Spring Runners***—Made of highest quality spring steel which allows maximum bending without permanent set.
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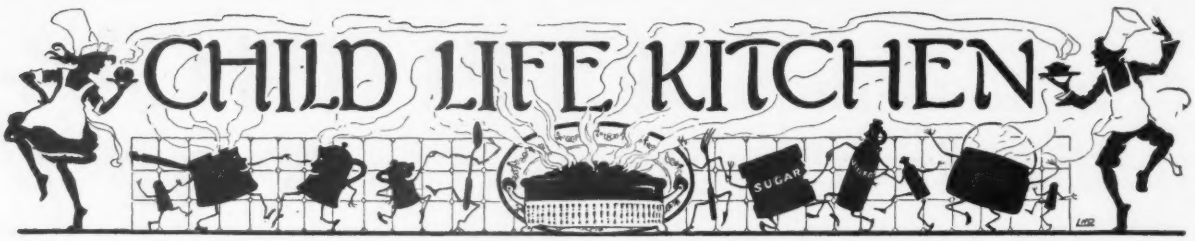
5. ***White Ash Seat***—Seat and all wood parts are second-growth, straight-grained white ash—the best obtainable. Selected for strength and beauty.

IF IT PASSES YOU ON THE HILL—IT'S A FLEXIBLE FLYER



WE HAVE A TEA PARTY

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

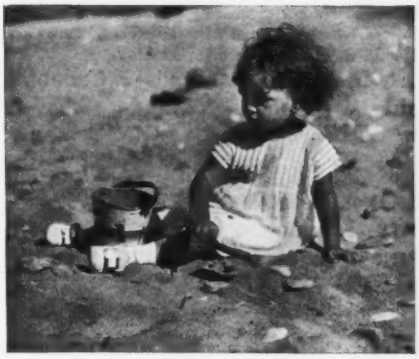
FOR A long, long time, we've been promising ourselves a tea party and we've decided that November, with the long twilights after school, is the best time of all the year to have it. We wish we might all come to the real CHILD LIFE Kitchen and have our tea party together, so we could see and know each other. But, dearie me! We couldn't all get into one kitchen—not anywhere *nearly* all of us! We needn't be sorry though, for we remember that the CHILD LIFE Kitchen is anywhere a CHILD LIFE cook works. So we can have our tea party wherever in the world we are and know that all the CHILD LIFE cooks are doing the same thing the same month. That's fun, isn't it?

For a successful tea party we must plan three kinds of food: the tea, trimmings for tea and something to eat with tea. It's all easy to do, *provided* we plan beforehand so that everything is ready to serve promptly when the tea is made. That is a very important proviso, so we must not get so interested in cooking that we forget. We'll talk about what we serve with the tea first, for that is something that will have to be planned first.

Sandwiches are our favorite food for afternoon tea and we always have two kinds: first, dainty sandwiches of plain bread and butter; second, a sandwich with a filling. For the bread and butter sandwiches we cut the bread very thin, cream the butter and spread it generously. Trim the crusts away or not as you like. For the sandwiches with fillings we like best the ham, or cream cheese or peanut butter fillings we learned in the August lesson last summer. If your tea party is planned so quickly that you do not have time to make fillings, jelly sandwiches and lettuce sandwiches spread with butter and mayonnaise are fine; also there are many good sandwich spreads on the market. Perhaps Mother has some in the pantry this minute and they can be quickly opened and made up with white bread or whole wheat on a minute's notice.

If you have tea parties often, as we do, you may like a change from sandwiches. Several of the muffin recipes you learned in April make good tea party food; orange muffins, cheese muffins, honey or ginger muffins are delicious. If you bake them on purpose for tea, double the amount of butter and sugar in all but the cheese muffins and they will be as good as cake. If you haven't any bread or muffins or any such food in the house and still want a tea party, don't be discouraged. Use crackers. Spread crackers with jam, put them on a cookie pan and into a hot oven till the edges get daintily brown. Or put a marshmallow on top each cracker, put them in a moderate oven till the marshmallows get puffy and lightly browned and you will have food for the most particular guest. Cookies or sweet

[*Continued on page 584*]



JOHN B. DRAKE IV and BARBARA

The little Drakes

two jolly nautical spirits descended from Sir Francis himself

● John B. Drake IV and his chubby little sister Barbara are the children of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Drake of Chicago.

Water fascinates these two—whether at Sinnissippi, on the Rock River, where their grandfather, ex-Governor Lowden, has his beautiful estate—or at Lake Forest, Chicago's smartest North Shore suburb, where the family summers.

"Bobbie," at nineteen months, has a lightning tendency to run right in the water, French frock and all. "Johnny," with the superiority of his four years, has a canny way with sail boats.

Both pairs of knees are brown enough to last all winter! Both young appetites flourish the year 'round! Their owners consume an astonishing amount of hot cooked cereal. And the cereal their mother chooses, on the baby doctor's advice, is Cream of Wheat.

From the tender age of four months, each little Drake has eaten it.

"Both children are *always* well," says Mrs. Drake. "Cream of Wheat is part of our program to keep them so."

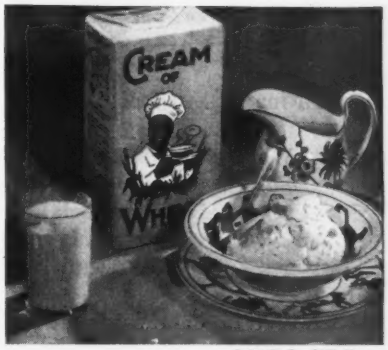
Recently 221 leading baby specialists in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto were asked about cereals. *All* approve Cream of Wheat!

They know how rich it is in energy, how quick and easy to digest. An ideal food—*at less than one cent a serving!*

Make it a habit in *your* home. Start the days with good generous bowls of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

● TUNE IN on the Cream of Wheat Radio Program every weekday morning at 7:45. Stations WJZ, WBZ-A, KDKA, WHAM, WLW, WJR, WLS, KSTP, WREN, KFAB, KWK.



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FREE—this wonderful game

Children love the H. C. B. Club, with a secret, and degrees of membership. It makes a jolly game of cereal. All the material is free—badges, gold stars, and big new colored posters. Roland and Oliver, Joan of Arc, Richard the Lion Hearted. Also book on child health. Mail this coupon to Dept. R-35, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Child's name .....

Address .....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat check here ☐

The Prickly Prince

[Continued from page 551]

excited over and never get tired of—books, that's it!

NED: Call him in and we'll tell him about books.

NELLY: Yes, call him in!

MISS NAGG (*starting to ring the big bell by the telephone and then stopping suddenly*): No, that won't do. Your saying they are interesting and all that wouldn't *prove* they are. The Prickly Prince might just yawn and never even open a book to try it.

NELLY (*sitting down dejectedly*): Too bad you can't make some of the characters step out of their books so he could see them for himself!

NED: You've got a magic wand, haven't you?

MISS NAGG (*excitedly*): So I have! So I have! [*She rings the bell and picks up the telephone receiver.*] The royal breakfast room, please! Oh, your majesty! This is Miss Nagg. Oh, please bring in the Prickly, I mean Prince Pettyjohn. I think I've found something to amuse him. Really and truly I think so! [*She hangs up the receiver nervously and looks at her wand.*] I do hope it'll work. Oh, I *do* hope so!

[*Enter running at the left the* KING, QUEEN, *and* PRINCE, *all with their bibs around their necks, and each with a banana or orange in his or her hand.*]

PRICKLY PRINCE: Where is it, oh, royal wizardess? Where's my new present? [*He stops short when he sees* NED *and* NELLY.] Oh, excuse me.

KING CURLY-Q (*straightening his crown, wiping his mouth on his bib and nudging* MISS NAGG *with his banana*): Visitors to the royal palace? Introduce me, Miss Nagg, introduce me.

QUEEN TIGHTY: Me, too!

MISS NAGG: King Curly Q, Queen Titania and Prince Pettyjohn, this is Ned and this is Nelly.

KING, QUEEN AND PRINCE (*bowing from the waist and speaking at the same time*): Pleased-to-meet-you-I-am-suah!

QUEEN TIGHTY: My name is Titania, but you can call me Tighty for short.

NED AND NELLY (*shyly*): Thank you, your majesties. We're glad to know you, too. [*The* KING, QUEEN *and* PRINCE *sit on their thrones and stool.*]

MISS NAGG: Ned and Nelly say that books are the most wonderful presents in the world. You can always have book friends with you when you have books.

NELLY: They are beautiful and interesting and thrilling! You'll love them and want to know more about their adventures just by seeing them. I know you will!

NED: Books are great, really. Such fun! And so exciting! Go ahead, royal wizardess, and do your magic.

MISS NAGG (*eyeing her wand nervously*): But it *is* a little warped.

KING CURLY-Q (*folding his arms and gazing down his nose*): We-are-waiting.

QUEEN TIGHTY (*in a loud whisper*): And remember what will happen to you if it *doesn't* work!

[MISS NAGG *looks first at the* PRICKLY PRINCE *and then at* NED *and* NELLY, *who nod reassuringly at her. Then she waves her wand in her left hand in three circles over her head.*]

MISS NAGG: Come, book friends! Cadabra! Cadabra! Cadoodle! Cadoo!

[*They all wait for a moment but not a thing happens.* MISS NAGG *buries her face in her hands.* NELLY *and* NED *exchange despairing glances.*]

KING CURLY-Q: Humph!

QUEEN TIGHTY: P'shaw!

PRICKLY PRINCE: I knew this stunt was too good to be true!

NELLY: Books aren't too good to be true and all you have to do is to read them and find out. You can borrow books at any public library. And the ones you like best you can buy at bookstores.

NED: The best books you'll read over and over again. What's the matter, wizardess? Wand out of order?

MISS NAGG: I know! I held my wand in my left hand instead of my right! [*She tries again to wave her circles over her head, this time with her right hand.*] Come, book friends! Cadabra! Cadabra! Cadoodle! Cadoo!

[*In the distance faint bells are tinkling and the book friends are heard singing to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket."*]

The fairy bell's ringing!
From Bookland we're bringing
You greetings and singing
To come here and play!

Adventures and treasure,
And hours of pleasure
And joy without measure
We'll bring you to-day!

Come with us to Bookland,
To dear magic Bookland,
To beautiful Bookland,
So friendly and gay!

[*The music still sounds softly, though the singing itself stops, when the* BOOK FRIENDS, *dressed as you see them in their picture books, troup in the doorway at the right. As the* BOOK FRIENDS *appear one by one,* NED *and* NELLY *nod gaily as to old friends,* MISS NAGG *stares wonderingly at them and the* KING *and* QUEEN *bow, stiffly at first, but in quite a friendly fashion later on. The* PRINCE *gets more and more pleased and excited as each new one greets him.*]

ROBIN HOOD (*smiling at the* PRICKLY PRINCE *and beckoning*): Come with me to Sherwood Forest! There will you a-hunting go, with Little John and Will Scarlet! What adventure lurks behind every bush! Maid Marian invites you, too! Come with Robin Hood!

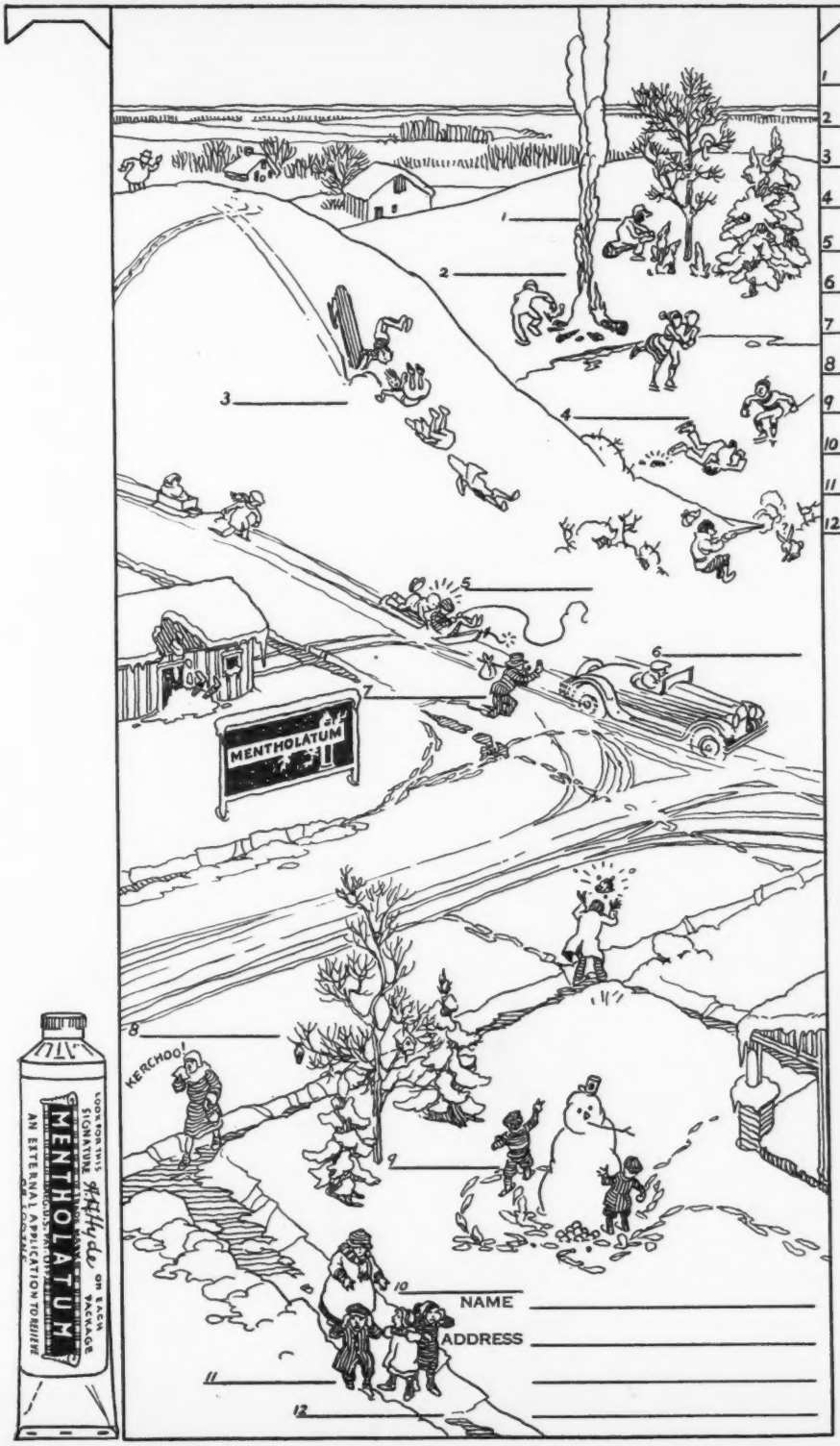
[*He disappears just as the* PRICKLY PRINCE *smiles and gets up from his stool.* HANS BRINKER, *clinking his silver skates, stands in his place.*]

HANS BRINKER: I'm Hans Brinker from Holland. Come with me and I'll show you that boys and girls in far-off lands have just as many exciting adventures and good times as you do. You'll feel more friendly towards children of other lands when you learn that we are so much like you. Come with me and I'll tell you about the race in which I won these silver skates!

[*He beckons and disappears just as the* PRICKLY PRINCE *smiles again and takes a step forward.* JO MARCH *stands in his place.*]

[Continued on page 592]

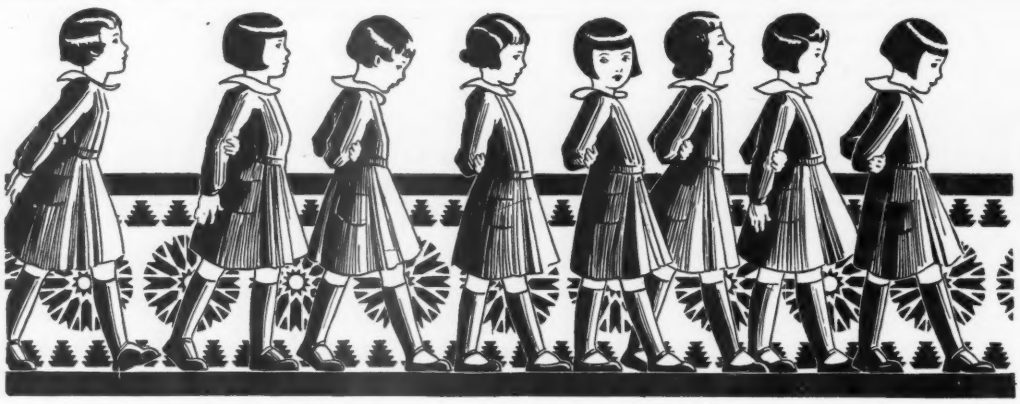
MENTHOLATUM CONTEST



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 *head colds* 8 9 10 11 12

This picture shows a dozen daily uses for Mentholatum, which is good for chapped hands head colds and other common ailments mentioned on the tubes and jars. Write a different use for each little picture —see No. 8—the picture represents "head colds."

Fill in your name and mail to the Mentholatum Company, Wichita, Kansas. We'll send you, Free, a little tube of Mentholatum for your pains. « « « « » » » » »



NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS

New Dollar Books for the Picture Book Age

Here are three gay, colored picture books specially made for pre-school reading aloud. On every page there is an amusing picture that tells the story almost as clearly as does the direct, simple text.

THE WHITE KITTEN AND THE BLUE PLATE
By Inez Hogan $1.00

PENNY WHISTLE
By Erick Berry $1.00

THE LITTLE WOODEN FARMER
By Alice Dalgliesh
Pictures by Margaret K. Baumeister
$1.00

THE TALKING BIRD
By Idella Purnell and John Weatherwax

Mexican fairytales told by a grandfather to his small grandson. Each story is introduced by a short sketch of contemporary Mexican life. There are many pictures made in Mexico. $2.00

HITTY:
Her First Hundred Years
By Rachel Field
Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop

The Newbery Medal for 1929 was awarded to the autobiography of a "doll of parts" as the best children's book of the year. Countless children and grownups have fallen under the spell of Hitty's personality. $2.50

WHY THE BEE IS BUSY.
By Idella Purnell and John Weatherwax

A collection of Roumanian folk tales charmingly told by Baba Maritza to little Marcu. Helen Smith has made many delightful pictures.

$1.75

THE RECKLESS SEVEN
By Nelly Rieu

A family vacation story that should delight all ages. An energetic English family spend a summer in the Channel Islands. $2.50

ROBIN AND TITO
By Mabel L. Robinson

Robin was a lonely little girl in Sicily, Tito a stubborn but lovable donkey. Their adventures together make excellent reading for people from eight to twelve. $2.00

LUPE GOES TO SCHOOL
Pictures and stories by Esther Brann

The many youngsters who read "Nanette of the Wooden Shoes" will be happy to find that this book by the same author, is an equally delightful story of Spain. $2.00

NAPOLEON'S STORY BOOK
By Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell

Here are stories that Napoleon listened to when he was a boy in Corsica. The authors have spent many months collecting and illustrating these legends. $2.00

THE BLACKSMITH OF VILNO
By Eric P. Kelly

In 1928 Mr. Kelly's book "The Trumpeter of Krakow" was awarded the John Newbery Medal as the best book of the year and we feel that this new story is even better reading than "The Trumpeter." With nineteenth century Poland as a setting, a young boy for a hero, and really thrilling plot, the book will certainly interest boys and girls from twelve to eighteen. $2.50

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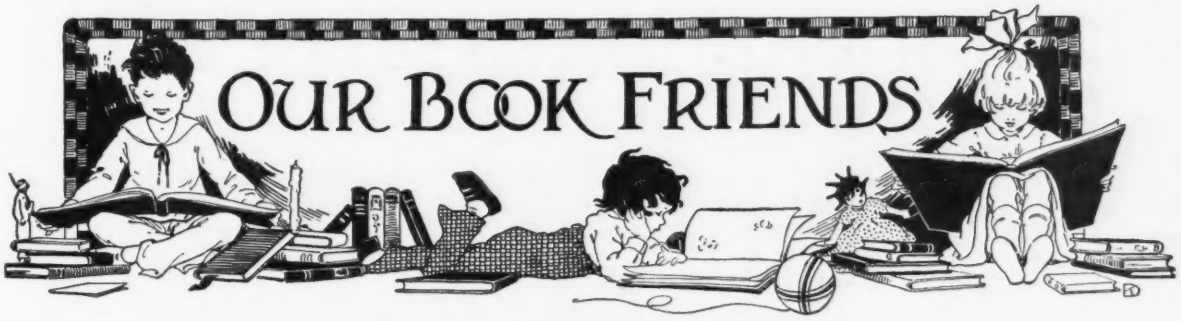


Conducted by SUSAN WILBUR

Associate Editor, Chicago Evening Post Literary Review

IT WAS three hundred and nine years ago this November that the Pilgrim fathers celebrated their first Thanksgiving. In *The Story of the Pilgrims* (Macmillan) Roland G. Usher tells us what they ate at that feast—venison, wild turkeys, and corn bread. Mince pies and cranberries had not yet been discovered.

And did you ever think that more than a third of the Pilgrim fathers were not fathers at all but boys and girls? Of the one hundred and two passengers on the Mayflower, thirty-nine were children your own age or younger.

But the special celebration this year is not of the founding of Plymouth, in 1620, but of the Bay Colony in Boston, in 1630.

There were a good many children on those later boats too—the Arbella and the twelve ships that sailed with her. In *From Boston to Boston* (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard), Annie Russell Marble tells, with additions, the real story of two of them, Hannah and Richard Garnett, and how, too late in the autumn, Hannah went with her father by boat to Plymouth, got caught in a storm, and couldn't get back to Boston until spring. This seems strange, considering that to-day we drive from Plymouth to Boston in less than two hours.

Every few years from now on there will be other three hundredth anniversaries to celebrate. Rhode Island, founded by Roger Williams in 1636, is, I think, the next. But we shall all be old men and women by the time the anniversary of the founding of Pennsylvania, in 1681, comes round.

Selina, the heroine of *Little Pilgrim to Penn's Woods*, by Edna Albert (Longmans, Green) was not one of the founders of Penn's colony. She did not come over until the 1750's. But her story brings out another side of the settling of America. The Boston and Plymouth colonists were English. Selina came from Germany. The book tells of her life there, of visits she paid to castles and queer old tall houses, and the story of the voyage down the Rhine that was the first part of her adventurous journey to America.

From "*Magyar Fairy Tales.* (Dutton)

Besides containing Thanksgiving, the oldest of our national holidays, November also contains Book Week, one of our newest. To help us celebrate the 8th to the 15th properly, A. P. Sanford and Robert Haven Schauffler have compiled an anthology called *The Magic of Books* (Dodd, Mead). This collection gives a pageant, some plays, and some suggestions for programs and projects. It also gives plenty of selections that will help you to think about books by yourself: the fun of them, the value of them, how print and paper came to be, and the story of libraries.

Still another very new holiday comes on November 11. One very good thing to do on Armistice Day would be to read some of the latest books about airplanes. For with all the harm it did, the World War did do one good thing: it hurried up our conquest of the air and progress in aviation.

Conquering the Air (Nelson), first published only four years ago, has had to be revised twice since then. The latest new revision, by Marion Barton Crowell, brings the story from the year 1783, when the Montgolfiers managed to get up in a fire balloon, down to the Graf Zeppelin's trip around the world and Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd's thrilling flight over the South Pole.

Lieutenant John V. Deuel became an officer in the army air service while still in his teens. In *Speed Wings* (Century) he tells us step by step about his training. Every chapter is full of information, and most of the chapters are also full of thrills.

But one aviator, J. F. McNamara, and his boys have found a way to get practice in flying without waiting to be even as old as Johnny Deul. *Playing Airplane* (Macmillan) tells how to make a ship that combines real controls with make-believe wings and engine, how to do, first, plain flying, then stunt flying in it, how to fight a war, and how to make a non-stop flight from New York to Paris.

Another very safe way to learn to fly, but of course, much more expensive, is by means of a glider. It's a trick to get these motorless planes to leave the ground, but once a few feet up you can usually get higher, and after a little practice you can stay up for hours and go just about where you want to. *The Red Eagle* by Alexander Key (Volland) is the story of two boys whose uncle was vice-president of an air-plane factory. Exciting things happen, and funny things happen, and in the course of them you learn along with the boys, first, how to fly a glider and then after that how to fly a propeller plane.

From *A Baker's Dozen.* (Harcourt, Brace)

[*Continued on page 583*]

THE WELL DRESSED CHILD

Conducted by Carolyn T. Radnor Lewis, New York

HERE'S a charming dancing school frock which is so simple it could be worn on dress-up occasions at home. Pattern No. 6323 comes in sizes 6–14 years.

A NEW SERVICE

WE shall be very glad to give you further information regarding articles shown on the fashion and shopping pages. Address CHILD LIFE Shopping Service, Rand McNally & Company, 270 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

HERE again a print on the plain crepe, net or faille could be adapted to this cape-collar frock with bolero-like bodice and skirt flaring from the shirrings. Pattern No. 6327 in sizes 4–14 years.

ONE of the Botany Challis is suggested for this dress in a print, or it would be equally effective in a pastel colored silk or chiffon with contrasting pipings. Pattern No. 6325 in sizes 2–8 years with shorts.

FOR November—since dancing school as well as day school days are here—let's look at party frocks and the simple afternoon dresses which are so right to change into after the little girl has washed away the signs of play. For the latter many mothers prefer the classic cotton dress, and even for party frocks organdy in the pastel shades shares the interest with net, always with discreet touches of handwork. Velveteen in the dark reds, browns, and greens is another of fashion's favorites—and youthful in bolero effects, yoked skirt with box pleats and lingerie blouse. Challis is youth's own fabric and is very much in the trend for the romantic and picturesque, which stamp the mode for the younger as well as the older generation. Then there are the crepes, pure dye silk, others with rayon in their make-up, the heavy sheers, as the Romas and double chiffons are called, and the thin wool crepes in their lovely soft rich colorings. For the more formal party dresses, with their high waists, ruffly berthas and epaulets and tiers of ruffles or finely plaited, long straight skirts, you have a choice of the crepes, chiffon, marquisette, georgette and even faille. This heavier silk is distinctly winsome and quaint in the Kate Greenaway type of gown, as in an old rose faille with black velvet sash and matching cape-like chiffon collar. Point turque and ajour motifs are new and popular hand touches.

SHE'S all ready for Sunday School and all dress-up occasions in this kasha coat trimmed with lapin in the nutria shades with hat to match.
Courtesy of B. Altman Co.

To buy the patterns, the fabrics or any of the articles, send your check or money order, together with the size and color desired to Child Life Shopping Service, Rand McNally and Company, 270 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Patterns are thirty-five cents each.

In the Shops

WHO WOULDN'T want to play outdoors on the crisp, snappy winter days, in these Suede-like Zip-on garments. Zip! And you are in them, warm and comfy. With

leggings, blouse and helmet in sizes 2 to 6 years for $9.95 and from 7 to 10 at $12.00. You can choose from eight colors, including such popular shades as poppy red, reindeer, green, camel and copen. For little tots from 1 to 3 years, there are miniature editions in chinchilla in the pastel shades like pink and light blue.

Everybody's wearing these brother-and-sister suits, especially when they wash without stretching or shrinking, as does this soft, sturdy jersey, knitted of the quality mercerized durene cotton and worsted. You can buy them for $1.95.

Any boy or girl is going to smile broadly when he or she is enjoying the comfort of these E-Z undergarments of elastic knit fabrics, absorbing perspiration and keeping the body warm. In both short legs, sleeves and low necks and ankle length, long sleeves and high necks, they can be bought for $1.00.

The above garments and articles may be ordered through the Child Life Shopping Service, Rand McNally & Company, 270 Madison Ave., New York. If desired, names of shops where these articles may be purchased will be furnished upon request and a stamped, addressed envelope.

Our Fathers set aside the
First Thanksgiving Day
Long ago in their cabin
beside old Cod Bay
They invited the friendly
braves to be their
guests at a feast
And gave thanks for food
and shelter while they
smoked the of peace.
We still give thanks at Thanks-
giving . . . I'm as thankful
this year as can be,
For I'm strong as any my age
. . . not weak as I used to be.
That's because I've been eating
Wheatena the cereal made
from -browned
It's given me sturdy
and , sparkling and
hard white
If YOU'LL eat a steaming
of Wheatena each morning
you'll see
That by next Thanksgiving
you'll have grown so
strong, you'll be happy
and healthy like me.

3
delicious servings
FREE

We want you to taste the delicious nut-like flavor of this sun-browned wheat cereal—Wheatena. Please check and mail the coupon below, and we'll send you, by return mail, enough for three generous servings.

Name.....

Address.....CL-11-30

The Wheatena Corporation,
Wheatenaville, Rahway, New Jersey

Fairy Tales and the Spirit

[Continued from page 543]

was the first man to study the Indians' way of life and their stories and legends. In the early part of the nineteenth century he lived with the Indians of the west and around the Great Lakes and heard the tales told at the lodge fires. His "Indian Fairy Book" gives many of these stories.

Almost every primitive people has told many stories to explain how the earth and all the forms and ways of nature came to be—how man happened, the nature of God and man's relation to him. Men have created this literature known as mythology to satisfy their spiritual needs. The mythology of Greece and Rome, and to a somewhat less degree the mythology of the Norsemen, have come to be an essential background of our literature to-day. Children should have a chance at these grand tales of gods and heroes in the years from seven on. Many boys and girls between the ages of seven and ten come to know Kingsley's "Heroes," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales," Baldwin's "Golden Age," and Padraic Colum's "The Children's Homer" or "The Adventures of Odysseus," and of the Norse mythology, Abbie Farwell Brown's "In the Days of Giants," Hamilton Mabie's "Norse Stories," Colum's "Children of Odin." This order of reading the books in the case of both Greek and Norse is a particularly good one to follow. The first two books by Kingsley and Hawthorne present the stories of Greek mythology and religion. Mr. Baldwin wrote his "Golden Age" to prepare a boy for the great epics of Homer—"The Iliad" which tells of the last of the siege of Troy by the Greeks and the Odyssey which finishes the siege of Troy and tells of the adventures of Odysseus on his long and roundabout journey home. In Colum's "Children's Homer" we have a fine re-telling of these two great stories.

We have said that the spirit needs food as does the body. But the spirit needs exercise, too, as does the body. The nursery tales, the fables, the folk and the fairy tales all bring to the child that opportunity for wonder, and wonder is an exercise of the spirit. The great stories of gods and heroes add to the element of wonder the dynamic vision of the hero. The spirit of the listener or reader lifts, expands, grows taller and stronger. He becomes more and more of the same stuff as heroes.

And he is ready when the time comes for a new and still greater adventure in literature, the reading of a book such as Palmer's "Odyssey" or the translating of the "Odyssey" and the "Iliad" from the original. In an indescribable way these ageless stories of adventure, courage and endurance have become a part of himself. The difference between a boy familiar with these books from early childhood and the boy who must look up in the encyclopedia every god and goddess and every hero is just the difference between cultivation and commonplace education.

These stories from the mythology and legend of Greece and the Northern countries illumine the mythology of the American Indians. Indeed, they illumine all life. And the same years to which they belong are the years to have other great hero stories, Baldwin's "Story of Roland," and "Story of Siegfried," Ella Young's "The Tangle-Coated Horse," that most beautiful telling of the boyhood and life of the great Gaelic hero, Fionn, and Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood," one of the most satisfying books we have. So many of these books should be read aloud, otherwise the child misses the emotional reaction to the beauty of the writing. This particularly is true of Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood" and of "The Tangle-Coated Horse."

"The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," that book of Swedish folk and fairy tales by Selma Lagerlof, ought always to be first read aloud. Indeed, there is so much grandeur and beauty in this book that some day it must certainly be expressed in music. There is one book which should be read aloud steadily from the earliest years on—that is the Bible. In the early years, reading should be almost entirely from the Psalms and the New Testament—but from ten on certain beautiful sections of the Old Testament, particularly those parts which present the Hebrew feeling about God and man's own relationship to God.

The Bible can not be used successfully to-day with young people, unless it is presented in the light of modern knowledge. Muriel Streibert's "Youth and the Bible" not only presents the modern view of the Bible by a spiritually-minded person, for many years a teacher of college students, but shows how it may be made of vital interest to young people and gives a fine descriptive reading list for parents and for children.

Hans Christian Andersen, a great modern writer of fairy tales, must have his important place in this short list of vision-building, stature-building books. There is in his wonder tales and stories almost every phase of human experience and every aspect of the physical world. A tree might well be the symbol of his work, and "the

[Continued on page 585]

● Art Extension Press, Inc.

Miss Bowles (Reynolds)

(*See Page 576*)

● Oroc Photo

A Chinese "Horse"

● William Thompson

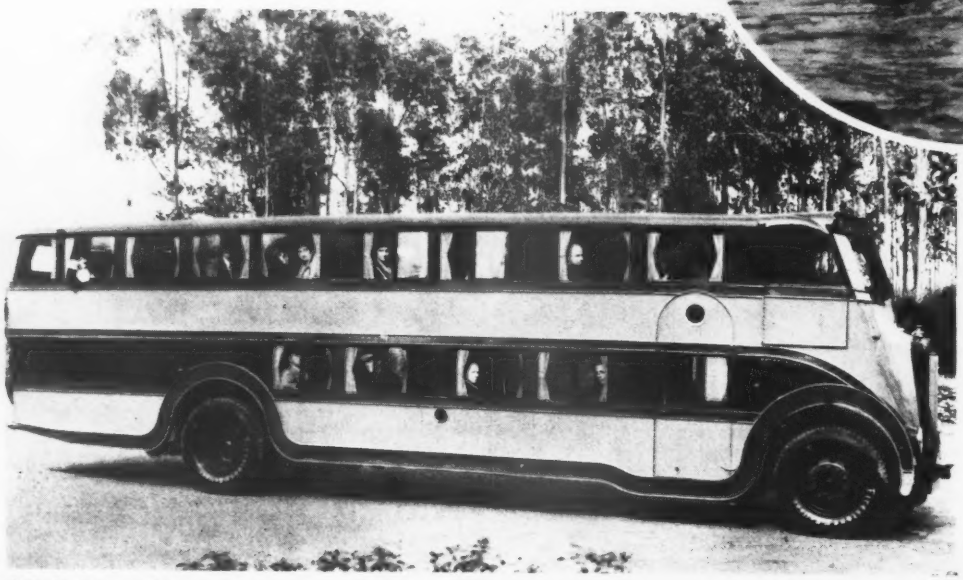
The Arab's Ship of the Desert

● Paul's Photo

A Dog's Life in the Alps

Crossing a "Street" in Venice

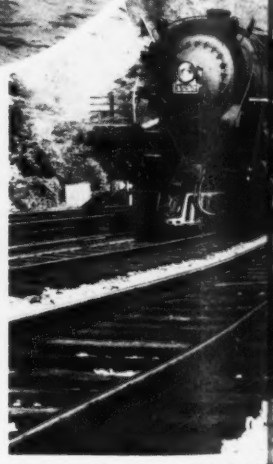
● William Thompson



● Pacific & Atlantic Photo

An "Auto" with Fifty-three Passengers

● Oroc Photo

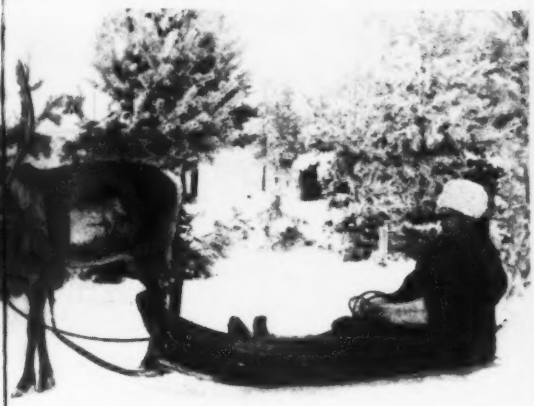


● Pacific & Atlantic & New York Central

The Ze

How We Travel

For story turn to page 574
of this issue of Child Life



Santa's Reindeer in Finland

● *Paul's Photo*

When a Rajah goes Traveling

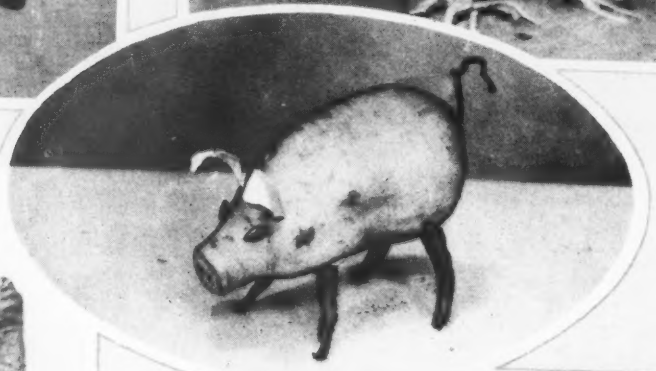
pelin Meets one of its Competitors

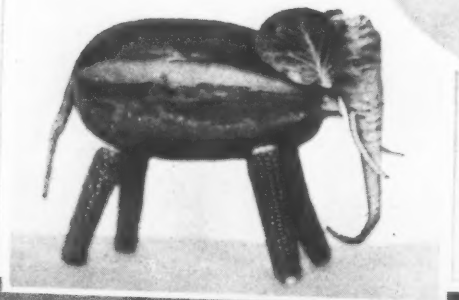
● *Pacific & Atlantic Photo*

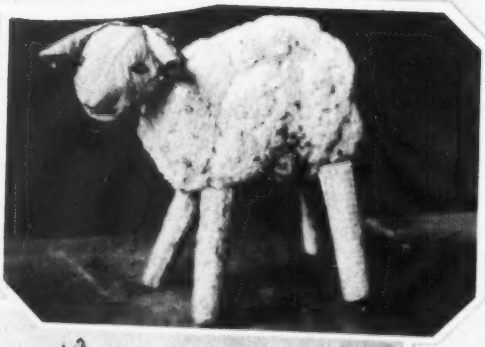
Two ways of Crossing the Ocean

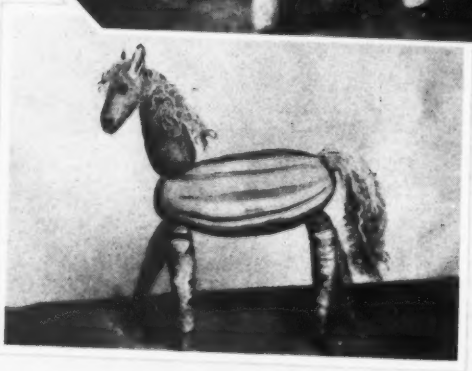
Vegetable Toys

By Charity Smith









(*See Page 572*)

Study of Children at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

CHILDREN WITHOUT TOYS

SLIM, GALLANT, UNTRIED . . . fresh as new rose petals . . . they put their toys aside. Yet before them still stretch several more years of childhood. It is, perhaps, the most difficult time of all. Now more than ever they must have plenty of just the right thing to do . . . and worthy friends. Their sensitiveness, their eagerness to live poignantly, must be sympathetically dealt with. The substance of reality must be adroitly exchanged for the discarded toys.

And it all will be a little easier if they have been taught how to partake of the "good life" . . . swimming vigorously through the cool sea . . . putting the zest of health into the swing of a racket . . . savouring the clean orderliness of modern clothes . . . and strolling pleasantly through the glamourous gardens of creative culture.

This last does not mean that they have to be poets, painters or great musicians. It means, to take music for an example, a pleasant familiarity with gay melodies, with the spirit-stirring work of immortal genius, with all the myriad cultural influences of a fine art.

True, it may seem, at first glance, expensive to substitute a superb piano for a toy. But a first-rate environment will definitely help to produce a first-rate person. And the Steinway is so perfectly and soundly built that it will serve your children's children when the time comes . . . yet it can be obtained now on a deferred payment plan that will not burden even the modest income. The Steinway will do more than assist your children through their most difficult time to a sane and beautiful life. It will give them an attractive accomplishment that will help them to make friends. It will permit them to develop their talents, unhampered, on what is both the strongest and most perfect instrument. And it will subtly connect them with a glorious tradition . . . for virtually every great musician from Wagner to Rachmaninoff has used the Steinway.

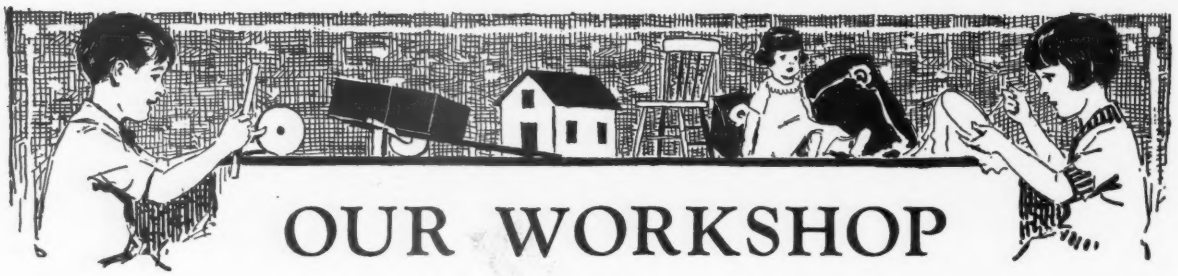
A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total as low as $875

As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price, naturally, must be "plus transportation" beyond New York and its suburbs.

10% down balance in three years

Used pianos accepted in partial exchange. If there is no Steinway dealer near you, write for information to Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York.

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS **STEINWAY**



OUR WORKSHOP

A Bungalow Doll House

By A. Neely Hall

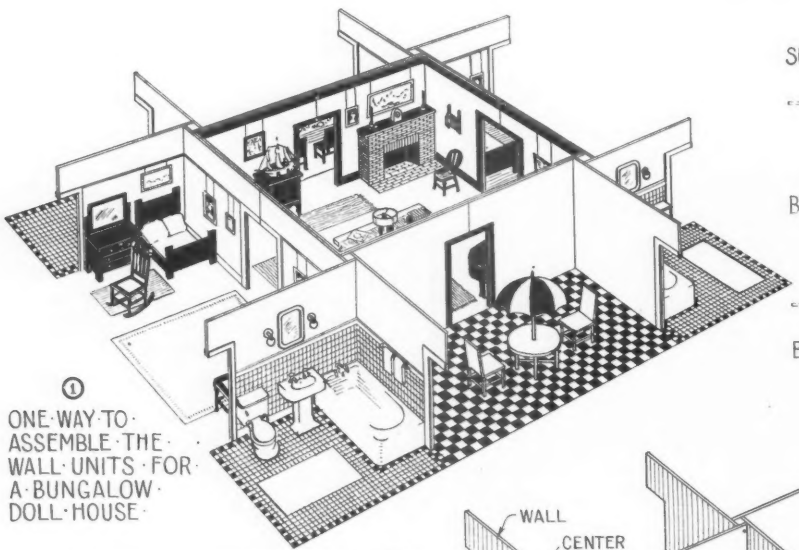
Author of "*Making Things with Tools*," "*Big Book of Boys' Hobbies*," "*Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys*," etc.

BUILDING the wall units for this new kind of doll house is easier than building a house with roof, stairs and other parts, and you boys can build one for your sister for Christmas, and you girls can build one for yourselves. My little girl likes the bungalow type of doll house because she can set up the wall units in so many ways to form different plans, and because she can spread out the rooms so that each is easy to reach. Without a roof, the rooms can be reached through the ceilings, as well as through the sides. This is an advantage, of course, when several children play.

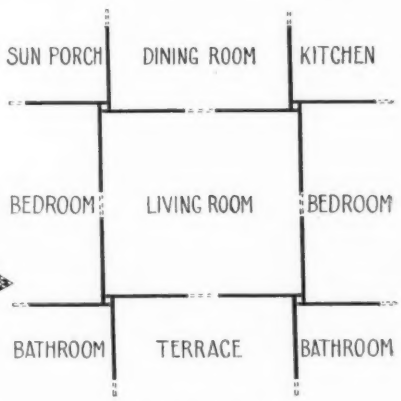
Four wall units were used for the bungalow doll house, but one unit will do for a four-room house, and two will make a six-room house. You need not be governed by the plan in the pictures. Indeed, you may add a fifth unit to those shown, if you wish, to provide for a breakfast porch, a laundry, storerooms and a garage.

The bungalow doll house may be set up on the floor, or upon a large table. Unless there is a permanent playroom in which to keep it, there should be a large box, or several small ones, to pack furniture and furnishings in after play. The wall units will nest together.

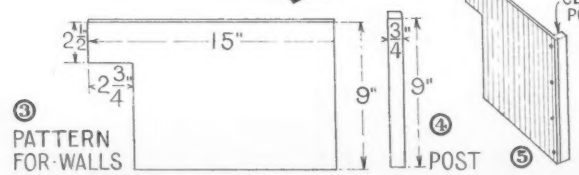
You can make the wall units of wood, or of one of the fiber boards known as wallboard. Boards ¾ inch thick will do, but a thickness of ¼ inch or ⅜ inch will be better. What is known as plywood, made of several layers of wood glued together, is very good for the purpose. Father can buy this from a lumber dealer, or at a mill, and have it cut into pieces of the right size. This will save you the work of cutting, and all [*Continued on page 587*]



① ONE WAY TO ASSEMBLE THE WALL UNITS FOR A BUNGALOW DOLL HOUSE

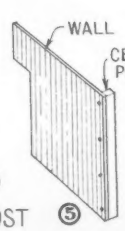


② FLOOR PLAN



③ PATTERN FOR WALLS

④ POST



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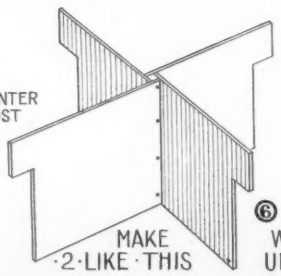
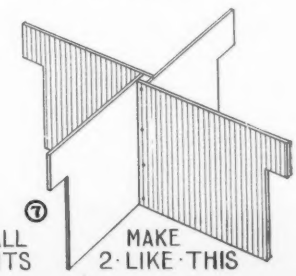


MAKE 2 LIKE THIS

⑥ WALL UNITS



⑦ MAKE 2 LIKE THIS

Doris and the Trolls

[Continued from page 547]

"My, he has long hair," said Peggy.

"And look at the queen! Why, her hair is even twice as long as his!" shouted Doris in surprise.

Then Doris was afraid they had heard her and wouldn't think she was very polite, but nothing happened. The king and queen went on eating in their high-chairs, and the trolls in the seats in the theater down below all stood up and sang:

"The queen of the trolls is eating
her spinach,
Oh, bow to the queen of the trolls!"

They all bowed very low when they sang that, but the queen didn't seem to notice it. They went on singing:

"She's eating her spinach and jelly
and quinnach,
All cooked in separate bowls!"

Doris turned back to see if this was true. She saw there really were three separate bowls of food on the tray of the queen's high-chair. Then the trolls went on singing:

"And the king of the trolls is
drinking beside her,
From a glass that is leaky with
holes,
His milk and his cider as his mouth
opens wider—"

The king's glass certainly did seem to spill a lot of whatever was in it, thought Doris.

"Oh, bow to the king
And the queen, as we sing
To the king and the queen of the
trolls!"

"That was a nice song," said Peggy.

"That," said the king of the trolls, "is not the point. Wigweed, did you notice what I saw?"

"I did," said the queen. "These two strange persons did not bow to us, not once, during the Bowing Song."

"I thought they didn't," said the king. "And as sure as my name is King Brex of the trolls, they shall be punished."

"We would have been glad to bow if we had thought of it," objected Doris.

"But you didn't bow," said Brex. "So the two of you are now my prisoners, and you cannot escape until the Ting Ting fairy sets you free."

"And I don't see how she can set you free, when she's a prisoner herself," said Queen Wigweed with a jolly laugh.

(The next installment of "Doris and the Trolls" will appear in the December issue of CHILD LIFE.)

More and More

COLDS

now TREATED EXTERNALLY

Children's colds must be treated promptly, of course, but constant "dosing" so often upsets their delicate little stomachs. That is why mothers especially appreciate Vicks VapoRub, the modern method of treating colds *externally*.

Acts 2 Ways At Once

Just rubbed on, Vicks acts through the skin like a plaster and, at the same time, gives off medicated vapors which are breathed in direct to the inflamed air-passages. This two-fold action, so ideal for children's colds, is equally effective for adults.

Trend Away From "Dosing"

Each year more and more colds are treated this better external way, and today the whole trend of medical practice is away from needless "dosing." To keep pace with the ever-growing demand, the famous Vick slogan has again been changed. There are now "Over 26 Million Jars Used Yearly"—a jar for every family in the United States.

VICKS VAPORUB

OVER 26/~~27~~/~~17~~/ MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Improve the taste of milk this way—

and your children will drink more of it

ONE of America's leading physicians says: "Two tablespoonfuls of Karo in a glass of milk not only improves the taste of the milk but *doubles its energy value.*"

This doctor's advice is valuable—for he knows children and he knows Karo. "Serve plenty of Karo to the kiddies—especially underweight children, in milk, on cereals, on sliced bread. Watch their weight increase!"

All children like the delicious flavor of Karo—it appeals to their "sweet tooth."

And—do you know why Karo is so splendid for children? Because each ounce of Karo contains 120 calories—the energy-giving value of Karo is nearly twice that of eggs and lean beef, weight for weight.

What is good for children is also good for the entire family. Make Karo and pancakes a frequent breakfast habit.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HEALTH FOOD

Vegetable Toys

By Charity Smith

(See Picture Section)

WOULDN'T you like to make some funny toys and Thanksgiving favors out of vegetables? Here is the way to make the ones shown on the fourth page of the picture section.

THE apple-eating Dutchman has a carrot head, shoes and nose. He has a pumpkin body and parsnip legs and sits in a doll's chair. He has corn silk hair and corn buttons. A dish of tiny potatoes represents apples. A piece of corn husk pinned on gives him a shirt front. He is fastened together with wire nails, matting tacks and pins.

THE turkey gobbler's body is a Hubbard squash, the stem of which is left on for the neck. The head, a small carrot, is attached to the neck by a piece of stiff wire or a short wooden skewer pointed at both ends. Bits of white paper and shiny black pins (carpet tacks could be used) form the eyes. The cabbage leaf tail and wings are pinned to the body with hairpins. The grass beard is also held in place by a matting tack or a hairpin. The beads of red currant tomatoes and asparagus berries and white beans are fastened to the neck with small pins. The legs, which are cabbage stalks, the roots being the toes, have a big long stiff wire running up through them into the body and down into holes in a board.

THE pig is a white turnip. Its legs are turnip roots. Pieces of stiff wire go through the legs into the body to fasten them in place. The ears are cut from corn husk and are pinned on. The eyes are melon seeds and are pinned on. The tail is a piece of melon stem. A piece of the root end of the turnip is cut off and two holes are punched in for nostrils.

THE elephant's parsnip head is fastened to the pumpkin body by a skewer. The cabbage leaf ears are held in place by hairpins. The salsify tail is fastened on with a wire nail and the root tusks by pieces of small wire. Stiff wire goes through the corn legs up into the body and down into holes in a board.

GEORGE Washington Jackson and his sister, Martha Washington Jackson, the little darkies, are made of tiny green watermelons, gay squashes and black pop corn with the husks pulled back. Their wool is dried black corn silk. Their eyes are pumpkin seeds with the centers blacked. They are pinned on at the corner with tiny ribbon pins. Their mouths are drawn on white paper, then cut out and pinned on at the corners, like the eyes, with the tiny pins. George has a tiny green pepper nose and Martha's nose and George's toes are black beans held on with pins. George has potato feet and Martha has corn husk bonnet and socks. Sweet potato squashes may be used for the bodies, if you cannot have watermelons.

THE lamb has a large head of cauliflower for a body. The leaves are cut off and the body trimmed to shape. The head is a small pointed head of cabbage fastened to the body by a skewer sharpened at both ends. Two of the cabbage leaves are turned under to form the ears. The eyes are melon seeds. The legs are four small corncobs. A piece of stiff wire goes through the hollow center of each cob and into the cauliflower body. The ends of the wire may go into holes in a board to make it stand firmly.

THE pony is put together and made to stand with stiff wire, the same as the elephant. The head and neck are carrots, the body a long squash, the legs salsify, the ears corn husks. Eyes are black pins, mouth and nostrils black paper, and mane and tail leek roots.

The Beginning of an—

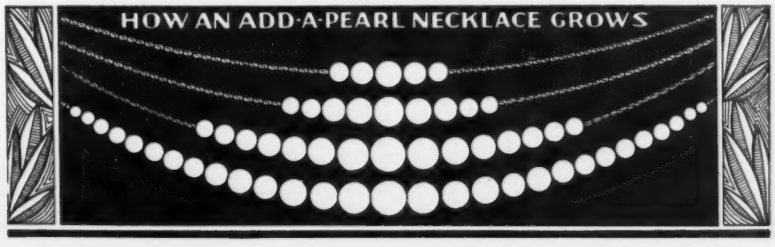
Add-A-Pearl Necklace

DOWN, down, deep beneath the sapphire waves of the Persian Gulf, a lithe brown Oriental dives for his famous pearls. Each pearl he brings out of the watery depths is of importance to the members of the Pearl-a-Month club, far-away in America. It means one more unit to be added to the delicate charm of a perfectly matched ADD-A-PEARL necklace of the finest Oriental pearls. Additional pearls may be given by friends and relatives on all gift occasions. In a few years the lovely necklace is complete—truly "The Gift That Lives and Grows".

An initial ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE, of 8 pearls on a fine gold chain, may be purchased for as little as $10. Other prices range—$15—$20—$25 and more, depending on the size of the pearls. Group additions may be purchased from $10—single pearls as low as $2.

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY, Chicago

Add-A-Pearls are genuine Oriental pearls



Teaching a "tomboy" to like soap and water

by playing a jolly "Clean Hands" game

MIDDY, bloomers, Buster Brown bob—and dirty hands. All a boy's sturdiness and all a boy's superiority to soap. That is what Jack (short for Jacqueline) *used to be!*

Now it is another story. Jack's discovered a "good scout" can have clean hands. For she is playing a "clean hands" game with the Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart which makes washing not only fun—but a real *health duty*.

Keep hands free of germs

The Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart teaches children the importance of washing hands often—*and always before meals*. For pictures show how hands pick up germs from everyday things we *have* to touch—books, animals, shoes, doorknobs, etc. The Life Extension Institute says that hands may spread germs of 27 diseases.

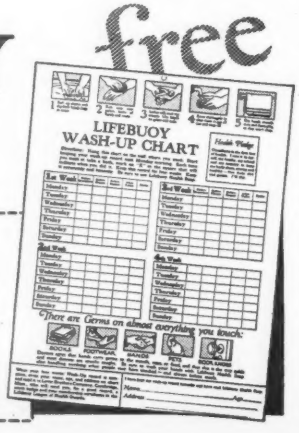
Child specialists urge the regular use of Lifebuoy. For Lifebuoy's rich, creamy, antiseptic lather removes germs as well as dirt. Keeps complexions fresh, clear—smooth as peaches-and-cream. Prevents embarrassing body odor. Its hygienic scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you that you get *extra* benefits when you use Lifebuoy.

Free to mothers

Mothers, fill out and mail coupon below for free Wash-up Chart and trial size cake of Lifebuoy for each of your children. They'll take a new enthusiastic interest in soap—helping to protect their health while playing a thrilling game.

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP
for face, hands, bath

free



LEVER BROTHERS CO., Dept. 2611, Cambridge, Mass.

Please send me free, Lifebuoy trial cakes and Wash-up Charts for my . . . children.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

How We Travel

By Grace Hammill

(See Picture Section)

TO THOSE of us who live in the United States and ride on railroad trains or in automobiles, and fly from coast to coast in one day in an airplane, it does not seem possible that once upon a time there were none of these machines. We cannot imagine how people could travel without them.

Long, long ago man did not even know how to make the animals work for him. He carried his own burdens, and when he traveled any distance, he walked. Then gradually the chiefs of the various tribes compelled their followers to carry them. In the Orient a class of these carriers or coolies grew up and still exist. On many Chinese streets to-day, you will see no animals or motors, only carts drawn by men. Look at the pictures of the jinrikisha on the picture pages.

Then instead of walking man began to ride on animals or in carts attached to them. The animal we see most, of course, is the horse, but in Europe, Asia and Africa many other animals are still used. Without the camel, for instance, man could never have crossed the desert. This curious beast can well withstand the heat and sand. He carries a week's supply of water in his stomach and an excess of fat in his hump in case food is scarce.

The person who does not like ocean travel will not enjoy this method of touring the great Sahara Desert. Riding on the top of the camel's hump, the passenger rolls and pitches as if he were enduring a storm at sea. No wonder the camel is called "The Ship of the Desert." Think of traveling in this uncomfortable way for from fifty to seventy-five miles a day. This, you see, is a good day's journey for a dromedary, the camel which carries passengers. The baggage camel with his huge bundles weighing from 500 to 600 pounds is only expected to go twenty-five miles a day.

Automobiles cannot go very far up the steep sides of the Alps in winter, but no one misses them

because dog sleds are popular. The two children in the picture are driving a faithful St. Bernard. These animals can stand the high altitude and the snow better than the horse. And we have all heard stories of the bravery of the St. Bernard in rescuing people lost in the mountain blizzards. As we travel around Europe, we often see dogs attached to carts.

When we travel near the North Pole, we find that Santa Claus is not the only one who drives reindeer. They are used instead of horses in the snowy countries of the North, for the reindeer is a native of the Arctic Circle and like the Eskimo dog enjoys the very cold weather.

In India elephants are not reserved for circuses. It is not at all unusual to see one trotting clumsily down the street carrying an Indian Prince or Rajah as the elephant in the picture is doing. This leathery-skinned beast of the jungle does not mind the tropical heat, and because he is strong and large can carry enormous burdens.

The taxicabs of Venice are these interesting gondolas. Only a large single oar is needed to make the boat sweep along. We like gliding through the water in one as the gondolier lazily moves his big oar and sings to us. There are over 170 canals and over 400 bridges in Venice, and for hundreds of years these boats have carried people back and forth around the city.

Think of these ancient means of travel and then of the fast train of to-day, the modern automobile, the auto bus, the cabin airplane, and the immense steamship, which is like a floating palace, as shown on the picture pages. Just as the animal took the place of man as a beast of burden, so is the machine taking the place of the animal. It may not be many years before the automobile will take the place of the camel, the dog, the reindeer and the elephant, just as it has taken the place of the horse in this country, and the motor boat may take the place of the gondola.

Here is a story that we know your teacher will want to read aloud. Why not take your magazine to school, so that your classmates may enjoy your beautiful new picture section with you?

"Look, daddy, I gained 6 pounds while you were away!"

ROSY CHEEKS—sparkling eyes! Could this husky youngster be the same frail boy of six weeks ago?

"No wonder my husband was delighted when he returned from a business trip. Little Bobby had always been delicate and thin. Then one day a friend advised me to give him Cocomalt.

"When the scales showed he was gaining a pound a week, I knew I was on the right track at last . . . So far, he has gained 6 pounds and everyone notices how husky he looks now."

How Vitamin D builds health

This actual experience is typical of hundreds of other similar cases.

For this delicious food drink contains Vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin which is so essential for growing children. It builds strong bones and sound teeth—aids the digestive organs to assimilate the phosphorus and calcium required for health and strength—and is a vital factor in preventing rickets (soft bones and unsound teeth).

A food—not a medicine

Cocomalt also contains other vitamins, proteins and minerals. So concentrated are these food elements, that Cocomalt adds 70% more nourishment to milk.

Cocomalt comes in powder form. Add it to milk—hot or cold. High as it is in food value, the cost is surprisingly low. Three sizes: ½ lb., 1 lb., and the economical 5 lb. family size. At grocers and leading drug stores.

Trial offer—send coupon

Mail coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing) for a generous trial can, enough for the whole family to judge what a wonderful food drink Cocomalt is.

Cocomalt

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 911, Hoboken, New Jersey

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a generous trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

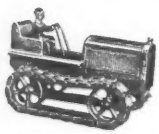
Fun— *loads of it! with*

ARCADE CAST IRON TOYS

"they look real"

Look for

This Label



HAPPY the hours your children will spend with Arcade Cast Iron Toys. They are "real"—actual reproductions of grown-up things; children can *move* them—create their own imaginary world; and they are hard to break. In all these respects they meet fully the requirements of leading educators.

There are Arcade automobiles, trucks, buses, airplanes, and farm equipment. There are Arcade doll furniture and doll houses—"just like mother's"; all brightly painted, all of sturdy cast iron.

Thousands and thousands of children treasure Arcade Toys for years! And countless mothers have found them ideal for active little hands and imaginations.

FREE!

A splendid fairy story in jolly rhyme of two children's adventures in the land of the Tiny Arcadians, makers of Arcade Toys. Just send us your name and address—we'll send you the story.

Other Arcade Toys

Monocoupe Airplane	McCormick-Deering	A C F Coach
Mack Wrecker	WeberWagon	White Moving Van
Mack Fire Truck	Ford Coupe	Bowling Alley
Mack Dump Truck	Fordson Tractor & Plow	Living Room Set
International Harvester Tractor	Trailer	Dining Room Set
Red Baby Dump	Farmall Tractor	Kitchen Set
	Caterpillar Tractor	Laundry Set
		Bedroom Set
		Bathroom Set

For sale at all leading toy shops and department stores; or write us.

ARCADE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1224 SHAWNEE STREET FREEPORT, ILLINOIS

Miss Bowles

By Grace Hammill

(*See Picture Section*)

WHEN Miss Bowles came to pose for the great artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, a cunning spotted dog ran out to meet her. Naturally she put her arms around his neck, and they were friends at once. Sir Joshua coming out to greet his little guest saw this pretty picture. While he told Miss Bowles funny stories about his pet dog, he worked fast with his paint brush, and made this picture of the little girl and the dog.

Sir Joshua was accustomed to work fast. He lived in the days before the camera was invented (1723–1782), and people came to him when they wanted their pictures taken. Only, of course, it was to have their portraits painted. Sir Joshua was a very popular artist because he was able to obtain a good likeness and catch the most attractive expression of the people sitting for him. For this reason he became the most popular portrait painter in London and often painted over five hundred pictures a year. That is a great many portraits for one painter to make. No modern artist would probably attempt to paint over three or four.

Among the many honors conferred on Sir Joshua Reynolds during his lifetime was the first presidency of the Royal Academy of London.

It does not surprise us that Sir Joshua has only left us these portraits of rich people. He was kept so busy with orders that he never had time to paint leisurely. Notice how different the subjects of his paintings are from those of Jean Francois Millet whose "Feeding Her Birds" was shown last month. Also notice the difference between the rather formal nature background of the Reynolds' painting and the real out-of-doors feeling in Millet's. Sir Joshua painted many portraits of children, and "The Strawberry Girl" and "The Age of Innocence" have been favorites with boys and girls for more than a hundred years.

Thanksgiving Day is Coming!

[Continued from page 539]

old England to New England. Nevertheless, try to hear, sometime,

"The notes of slender harpsichords
with tapping twinkling quills,
Or carol to a spinet with its thin
metallic thrills."

A few of these old musical instruments are still to be seen. The harpsichord purchased for little Miss Custis (who later became Mrs. Martha Washington) is in George Washington's home at Mt. Vernon. You must be sure to go there some day. General Washington, you may know, was an ardent lover of music and said so many times, but he was as honest in saying that he "could not carry a tune" as he was in that cherry-tree experience.

In colonial days country fiddlers (who usually made their own fiddles) ruled like kings over the barn dances, and, while fiddling, would direct the dancers with "Balance and swing partners," or "Down the center and back," and "Ladies, chain." The hornpipe, the reel and the jig were the speediest and peppiest dancers. They were the one-step and fox trot of their day.

To-day our composers are dressing up the old dances and the ballads (which you know are stories in song), so that early America lives again in its music. Songs of the pioneers of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and the Carolinas and Kentucky have been collected and published, so that upon this Thanksgiving Day you can have Mother play and sing for you the very music that was sung by your colonial ancestors.

Why not give a Thanksgiving program in school? You could dress up in home-made costumes of Pilgrim, Indian, Quaker and Cavalier styles and sing the songs and dance the dance of colonial days. You would learn more of the story of your country in giving such a program or pageant than in six months of ordinary study of American history.

Musicians and music lovers

[Continued on page 599]

Where does the wind begin?

What holds the stars up?

Your Children NEED The Book of Knowledge

The Children's Encyclopedia

The great departments of The Book of Knowledge tell the child or youth what is most worth knowing and they are fascinatingly illustrated by nearly everything worth seeing. The Book of Knowledge forms a marvelously handy little library of nature, science, history, biography, art, literature and manual activities. It is a delightful source of reading, entertainment and reference during the entire period of school life.

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The Book of Knowledge is in the hands of close upon three million children today, and has been printed in six different languages. It is never off the press. It has become the children's friend and helper in all the major activities of their daily lives, and their most important help in getting an education that will satisfy the demands of life.

Pictures are the most effective means of conveying quickly a fact, an idea, a process, a story. The Book of Knowledge shows 15,000 striking educational pictures, 3,400 in beautiful color and gravure.

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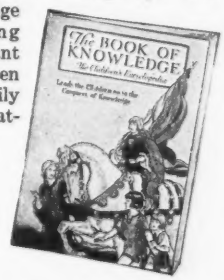
The arrangement of The Book of Knowledge is one of its most successful features. It is based on the natural working of the mind of a child—from the Known to the Unknown—from the simple to the more complex—and *never too much or too heavy mental food at one time.* The articles are of exactly the right length to hold and not weary the attention.

Every teacher knows the marked difference between the child who reads for information and the one who does not. *That difference continues all through life.* The Book of Knowledge makes reading children, observant children, children who succeed easily in what they attempt.



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THE GROLIER SOCIETY, *Dept. 333*
2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

You may send me, FREE, for my.....children, ages....."The Conquest of Knowledge," containing color plates of butterflies, gravure section, pages on The Earth and Its Neighbors, Why Do I Dream? The Great Wall of China, a story, poems, games, etc. Also tell me where and how I may secure The Book of Knowledge, The Children's Encyclopedia.

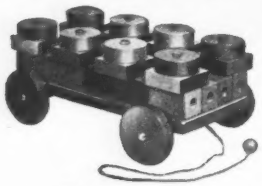
Parent's Name.....

Address.....

CHILD LIFE 11-30

for LITTLE BROTHER as well as "BIG" SISTER

Little brother enjoys "Peggy Pull" while older sister "works" at Playskool — The Home Kindergarten.



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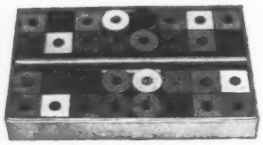
a more elaborate combination pull-toy and peg-board.



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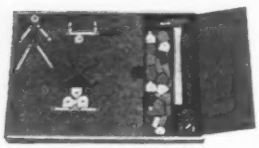
for simple lessons in construction and color-matching.



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makes the child's desire to pound, a constructive pastime.

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A DIVISION OF JOHN SCHROEDER LUMBER COMPANY

The House in Hidden Lane

[*Continued from page 558*]

about it, so finally I had to tell her that I didn't know where my own things were either. Then she admitted that she knew Aunt Abigail had some queer hiding-place for things because she had seen her pottering about in a curious way, when she thought she wasn't watched. But Mrs. Lowry herself had no idea where it was. Her chief annoyance with me was because I wouldn't allow her to come and help with the cleaning. But I just wanted to do that hunting by myself and didn't want her snooping around.

"Disappointing as that letter is, however, I think we've gained *something* by it. We know at least that the treasure is there, in all probability, and we'll find it if we have to tear the house down to do so. I should hate to do that, though, as I had a very good offer through my agent, last winter, from someone who wants to buy the whole place, house and all, and remodel it into a summer home, as soon as I'm ready to sell it."

Two days later, Mrs. Tanner was dismayed to have Magnolia come to her, sniffling noisily, and give notice.

"Ah's leavin' dis aftanoon, Mis' Tanner," she moaned. "Ah sho' am sorry, an' yo' needn't mind 'bout dis month's pay. But Ah cain't stay in dis house annoder night. Ah done see'd a 'hant' undah mah windah las' night—jes' as plain as plain—an' Ah done hyah it groanin' an' tap-tap-ping wid a cane—an Ah nevver slep' a wink! No'm, Mis' Tanner, Ah'll come back to yo' all when yo' gets back to de city, but Ah jes' cain't stan' dis ol' house no longer!"

"Now, see here, Magnolia," reasoned Mrs. Tanner, after half an hour of vainly begging her stubborn black maid to reconsider her decision, "if you insist on leaving, do at least one thing for me. Stay with us one more night and I'll tell you what we'll do. After you go up to your room, Junior, Lucky and I will slip into the kitchen in the dark and remain there all night on the watch. You won't be frightened with us right near-by, for the moment we see that intruder we're going to walk right out and ask him what he wants. I'm certain it's someone from the village trying to play a joke on us, or something like that, but it *isn't* any ghost!"

Magnolia wavered over this but finally consented, saying that she'd

feel safer if they were right down below and wouldn't let the 'hant' get upstairs to her room. But if they didn't catch him, she would certainly have to leave next day. And so the matter rested. Mrs. Tanner told the boys what she had planned and was met with enthusiastic support. But she warned them not to say anything of their prospective adventure to the girls, as she didn't wish to have too many in the affair and they would be much better off asleep.

That morning, Junior stayed with his mother to help her hang some gay new chintz draperies she had made for the lower floor windows, the twins went off "on their own" to pick huckleberries in a neighboring meadow, and Bettina was left to her own devices. Huckleberry-picking always bored her and she disliked getting hot and mosquito-bitten. So she wandered down to the shore through Hidden Lane, thinking she would discard her sandals and wade about looking for shells and pretty stones. At her heels trailed her Angora kitten, Sheba, who followed her about like a puppy. They had not gone very far down the lane, however, when there was a great flapping of wings and squawking, and the two black crows came sailing through the air to hover irritatingly above them.

These two crows, which the twins had named "Inky" and "Midnight," had long since been allowed freedom from their cage and the liberty to flutter about the house and grounds at will. They never flew far away, and generally came back to roost in their open cage at night. The other pets had ambled away to join their fellows in the marshes, almost the second day after they came to Seabranch. But the two crows, though interesting and sometimes very amusing in their ways, often exhibited very infuriating traits, one of which was their persistent teasing of the fluffy black Angora. Their presence on her excursion that morning annoyed Bettina beyond words.

"Go away!" she shouted and flapped her sweater at them as one came sailing down to take a sly nip at her kitten's tail. But with a mocking "Caw!" he only dove upward and around in a circle, and was soon in the vicinity of the tail again. All the way down to the water's edge the black pair pursued her, till in desperation she grabbed her kitten in her arms, jumped into Timmie's old boat and with a vigorous little shove, pushed it off from the shore.

"Now we'll see whether you two can get us!" she called back to the crows, who were walking up and

(Continued on page 580)

1930 is the 150th anniversary of Walter Baker & Company

Just one change in Tommy's diet *and his weight began to go up*

TOMMY was 8 years old and 5 pounds underweight. "If he were my child," said the young family doctor, "I'd give him the same food drink that my parents gave me when *I* was a youngster, and which *your* parents probably gave you."

So, Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk became part of Tommy's daily diet. From the very first week, the bathroom scales showed his weight to be on the increase. His parents were pleased, of course—but even more enthusiastic was Master Tommy, who didn't care two marbles' worth whether his weight went up or down, but had quickly decided that this rich flavored, chocolaty drink couldn't be served too often to suit him.

In fact, Tommy's only worry was that when his weight returned to normal, his parents might possibly remove the new treat from his daily bill of fare.

A needless worry indeed, for Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk is an ideal food drink for *every* growing child.

Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk not only provides, in wonderfully tempting garb, all the bountiful benefits of milk, but the added nourishment of Baker's Cocoa, itself.

In each cupful are contained precious carbohydrates, proteins, phosphorus, calcium, vitamin A, vitamin B — all those indispensable food elements which a growing youngster needs so vitally, yet often fails to obtain in sufficient amounts.

Next time you're buying cocoa, remember that in a recent survey, 77% of the dietitians, professional nurses, editors of women's magazines said, "Baker's Cocoa is best."

Baker's Cocoa is made from the choicest cocoa beans that grow in the West Indies. It is blended with unique skill derived from 150 years of experience. No wonder its chocolaty goodness is so matchlessly smooth and mellow. No wonder that many grown-ups drink Baker's Cocoa simply for the sheer pleasure of its flavor. Are you serving it regularly in *your* household?

Write for 60-page illustrated Cocoa and Chocolate recipe book: Walter Baker & Co., Inc., Dept. G-11. Dorchester, Mass. If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.

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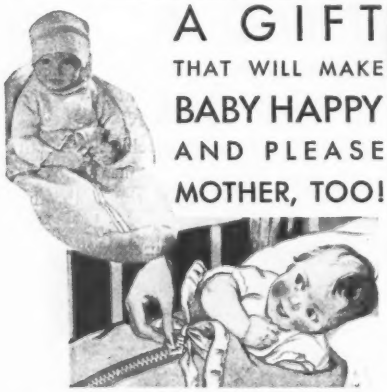
Here's a grown-up breakfast for you, too!

To be sure, you can't wear grown-up clothes or play grown-up games or go to grown-up parties . . . not for years and years . . . but you can eat a grown-up breakfast right now . . .

Yes sir, there's no reason why you shouldn't have a grown-up breakfast of Shredded Wheat today and every day . . . it's great fun sitting down to a grown-up bowl heaping full of Shredded Wheat and good rich milk. You'll like chewing each delicious spoonful and you'll be sorry when it's all gone.

SHREDDED WHEAT



A GIFT THAT WILL MAKE BABY HAPPY AND PLEASE MOTHER, TOO!

New, unusual and attractive, the Snuggle Rug is a most practical gift for Baby—and an everyday joy to Mother.

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and refreshing as beef tea or bouillon. Ready in a moment—just stir a quarter teaspoonful in a cup of hot water and serve.

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A LITTLE "LEMCO" GOES A LONG WAY

down on the shore, looking inquisitively out toward the boat. She happened to know that they had always seemed quite averse to flying out over the water, and guessed that this was the only way to be free of them, short of going back to the house. She had only intended to drift a short way out and then drop the anchor and remain floating around, quite safe from the annoying birds on the shore. She had frequently done it before, but usually when the others were near-by. From this vantage point she could also hop overboard and wade about in the shallow, clear water, picking up her shells and stones. She even laughed to see the discomfiture of the crows, who for some unknown reason seemed terribly afraid of the Bay and never actually tried to fly above it.

"Look at them, Sheba!" she cried, holding up her kitten to see. "The old cowards—afraid to come out to us here! They ought to be ashamed of being such old 'fraidy-cats!" So interested was she in watching them that she quite forgot about throwing out the anchor for a while, and an offshore wind was driving the leaky old boat farther and farther out. But presently the crows flapped discouraged wings, rose and sailed away toward the house. Then Bettina suddenly remembered and looked about for the anchor. In a second the awful fact dawned on her—*there was no anchor!*

She did not know it, but the day before, Timmie had been out crabbing in his boat and the frayed and half-rotten anchor rope had suddenly parted in the middle, leaving the anchor almost out of sight in fairly deep water. Timmie had not bothered to recover it, but marked the spot where the anchor lay and promised himself that he would retrieve it next day when he had more time. The boat would do very well for one night just pulled up on the shore. So here were Bettina and her kitten, adrift with neither anchor nor oars, and a stiff wind blowing them farther and farther from the shore—and not a soul in sight anywhere!

Thinking she might even now jump over and wade ashore, pulling the boat after her, she peered over the side. But she could no longer see the bottom, and the water had become a dark opaque green, by which she knew that it was far over her head. Then real panic seized her and she lifted up her voice and screamed and screamed, her kitten squeezed tightly in her arms. And no one could deny that things looked very bad indeed

for little Bettina.

Suddenly a short, red-headed figure appeared on the shore. Bettina was still not too far away to recognize it. "Timmie!—oh, *Timmie!*" she cried, stretching out one arm to him imploringly.

He could not hear what she said, but he cupped his hands around his mouth and bellowed, "Hold on! Don't worry! *I'm coming!*" and like a flash had streaked into the water and was splashing toward her with the lightning swift strokes that only close acquaintance with that Bay all his life could have acquired. Bettina watched, fascinated, the splashing miracle of arms and legs as it came nearer and nearer, slowly gaining on the drift of the boat. Before she realized that it was possible, he had come alongside, puffing like a porpoise, and grasped the edge, hanging there briefly to get his breath.

"'S all right so long as I got you! Don't be scared!" he spluttered and burbled. "I'll hang on here a minute till I get my breath. Then you throw me that anchor rope and I'll tow you ashore." He wasted no more words, and Bettina was still too speechless with remembered terror to answer him. But she slid to the bow and got hold of the frayed anchor rope, putting it in his hand when he signified that he was ready. And so, holding the rope in one hand and swimming with the other, he managed, slowly but surely to reach the shore. Fortunately, Timmy was strong and the boat and its load were light, and having beached the boat, he gently and carefully helped Bettina out and handed her almost equally terrified kitten to her. Then his manner suddenly changed.

"You go home now and forget all about this," he advised her gruffly. "And I'd be kinder obliged if you don't tell anybody about it."

"But why not?" quavered Bettina wonderingly. "I wanted you to go back with me and have Mother thank you and let us help you get dry."

"Oh, I ain't got time!" declared Timmie. "And besides it was my fault for leaving that boat without an anchor. I ain't too proud of it. If you care about thankin' *me*, you'll do it best by not sayin' anything about it. Get me?"

Bettina nodded and said, "Well, thank you, anyway, Timmie. I won't tell anyone—but Mother."

And then she grasped her kitten and trailed slowly homeward through the lane. But Mrs. Tanner was away and did not return until nearly time for dinner, and

(Continued on page 593)

RED EAGLE—a "real" toy for a "real" boy! Speed—action—thrills—but safe as can be—$16.50. West of Denver, Col.—$18.50.

RED HAWK—real aeroplane movements—fun and exercise all in one—$15.00. West of Denver, Col.-$17.00

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RED BIRD—safe and gentle planing motion for the younger child—a toy that delights any girl or boy—$13.50. West of Denver, Col.—$15.00.

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AND SEW... *far into the night*

BONG! . . . Bong! . . . the punctual old clock startles you. "Eleven P.M." it says . . . and you're not nearly finished. "Buttons!" you sigh, "Heavens above . . . how do youngsters do away with so many buttons!"

Little jackets come in without them. Tiny jumpers are always missing one or two. Leggings return with but a thin clue of thread to show where a button was. And how these little playtime casualties do consume time . . . and how needlessly!

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They save the needle and spare the thread. They mean less time and trouble in getting youngsters in and out. Garments fitted with them can be slipped on in a twinkling and off in a flash.

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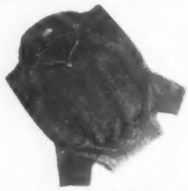
Talon-fastened togs for little tots are sold everywhere. Of course there are imitations, but you can tell the genuine very easily. It has TALON stamped right on the pull-tab. And—to safeguard yourself—be sure that it *has!*

Boy's Two-Piece Wash Suit—a Talon-fastened blouse makes it easy to get on. Sizes 3-10.



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Knee Leggings—Talon-fastened, to make dressing His (or Her) Majesty easy! Sizes 1-8.

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From *The Gypsy Caravan.* (Doubleday, Doran)

Our Book Friends

[*Continued from page 565*]

INDIAN STORIES

THE TRAIL OF THE RAGGED FOX, by Pitt L. Fitzgerald. Illustrated by H. Rudolph Pott. (Macrae Smith.)

Back in pioneer days, the Indians were the gangsters. They did not take people for rides, but they did take them for walks that often came to the same thing. Gregory Neil, later known as the Ragged Fox, was captured one morning by four Ottawas. This is the story of the hairbreadth things that happened to him during several warlike months in the woods.

THE MAGIC CANOE, by Frances Margaret Fox. Illustrations by Matilda Breuer.....$1.50 (Laidlaw Brothers)

In this book by one of your own CHILD LIFE writers two children live a slice of American history. Jane Lawrence is staying at Mount Vernon at the time of the Boston Tea Party. Soon afterwards she is kidnapped and hurried to West Virginia. A white man is the villain and it is some Indians who rescue her and Jimmy and get them safe to Fort Mackinaw. On their way they meet Daniel Boone. This is the second story in the Young America series. It will remind you of how the Revolution looked near at hand and will show you how it looked from a distance.

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW STORIES

MR. NIP AND MR. TUCK, by Caroline D. Emerson. With illustrations by Lois Lenski.....$2.50 (Dutton)

Mr. Nip, who liked fish so well that he had developed a fishhook on the end of his tail, and Mr. Tuck who liked salad so well that one of his paws was a salad fork and the other the spoon, were first introduced to the world two years ago in "A Hat-Tub Tale." In this new book they leave their little house on the Bay of Fundy and make a voyage to the tropics, quite an unexpected voyage, in fact.

MORE TO AND AGAIN, by Walter R. Brooks with illustrations by Kurt Weise. .....$2.00 (Knopf)

Freddy the pig and the other animals, now back from Florida, decide to organize some personally conducted tours and sell the other animals in the neighborhood the benefits of travel. Very soon, though, President Freddy and his board get tired of ordinary trips and decide on an expedition to the North Pole, where, after many dangers, they are entertained by Santa Claus.

BOOKS THAT ARE DIFFERENT

THE GYPSY CARAVAN: Being the travels of Betty and Joe with the Gypsies —their amazing adventures with Robin Hood—with Richard the Lion-Hearted—with Roland—and sundry other great and famous persons, by Howard Pease. Illustrated by Harris Wood.....$2.00 (Doubleday, Doran)

Ask Mother and Father if they have ever read Walter de la Mare's Peter Brocken. This book is a little like it, except that you make the trip in a gypsy van instead of on horseback, and not only meet your own book acquaintances but take part in some of their most famous adventures. It is you (that is, Betty or Joe) who rescue Robin Hood from Nottingham the time he wins the golden arrow, and it is you who help Blondel find Richard when he is a prisoner in Austria.

THE TALE OF TOM TIDDLER: With Rhymes of London Town, by Eleanor Farjeon. With twenty-seven illustrations in line by Norman Tealby....$2.00 (Stokes)

For American children it might have been a good idea to include a map of London so that you would have seen Moorgate, and Lavender Hill, and Petticoat Lane, and Leadenhall, and all the other queerly named places that are the point of the story, and could have known that the old lady of Threadneedle Street was the Bank of England. Tom Tiddler's adventures will remind you of Chicken Little's: one thing leads to another, and back again.

FOLK TALES

A BAKER'S DOZEN: Thirteen Stories to Tell and to Read Aloud, selected by Mary Gould Davis. Decorated by Emma Brock.....$2.00 (Harcourt Brace)

Here is a Junior Literary Guild selection for "middle-sized" children, made up of tales that have been special telling favorites in the New York libraries. It contains a very new fairy tale by Carl Sandburg, a very old Hindu beast story from the Panchatantra, and a variety from South America, Finland, and the rest of the world.

MAGYAR FAIRY TALES from Old Hungarian Legends, by Nandor Pogany. Illustrations by Willy Pogany.....$3.00 (Dutton)

These stories take color from the country itself and from the fact that it lies so near Turkey, but none the less they are full of kings, queens, princes, princesses, woodcutters' daughters, fairies, and talking animals. In one story even the Sun starts talking.

[*Continued on page 591*]

Warmer . . . Smarter,

more wear in Zip-Ons

Fun to dress themselves—they zip them on in a jiffy. So comfortable and snuggly fitted children like to "live" in them.

YOUNGSTERS romp and play in trim, snug Zip-Ons with complete freedom of motion.

These smart outdoor togs are as expertly cut and tailored as father's clothes—yet far more comfortable. Active little bodies have plenty of room to climb, run and stretch.

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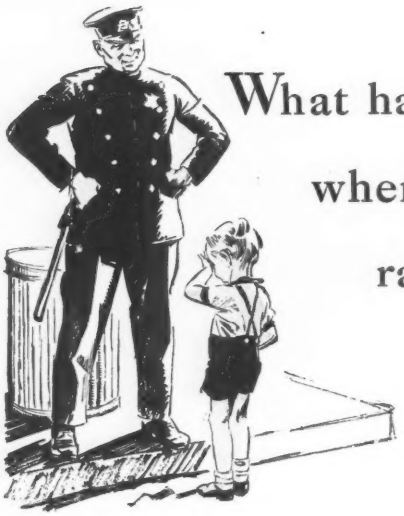

What happened when Roger ran away

ROGER was so tired and so hungry that he sat right down on the curb and cried.

"I'm a million miles from home," he whispered to himself.

Suddenly a big, kind voice said:

"Hello, sonny." Roger looked up and there was a policeman in a blue uniform.

"Please take me home," Roger sobbed. "Mother said I'd have to drink milk *every* day for years and years. And I hate milk, so I ran away. And now I'm sorry."

"Little boys should *never* run away," said the big policeman, sternly.

"I'm so hungry," Roger said.

"How would you like to have supper with my little boy and girl? We'll telephone your daddy and mother."

When the policeman's little boy and girl heard that Roger had run away because he hated milk, they laughed and said: "Just wait till he tastes *our* kind of milk!" And at supper they gave Roger a cup of something hot and steamy and brown. It was so good that he drank two cups!

"Oh, I love this. What kind *is* it?" Roger asked.

"It's Postum-made-with milk," they cried. "We drink it *every* day. It makes us big and strong and healthy. We'll give you a whole tin of it."

When Roger got home, he showed daddy and mother his oval tin of Instant Postum.

"I'll *never, never* run away from home again," he promised. "And I'm going to have Postum-made-with-milk *every* day. It's so good."

MOTHERS: *Send for "The Postum Story Book" for children.*

IT'S FREE . . . Full of fascinating stories, charmingly illustrated. The children will love Clara the Cow, Grandfather Collie and Mrs. Graycat, for these characters are as delightfully appealing as their names.

With the story book will come a full week's supply of Instant Postum, so that you can see the magical effect of Instant Postum upon "plain milk." Postum-made-with-milk is the ideal way to give milk to the child who needs it every day, but who will not drink it "straight." Made of whole wheat and bran, Instant Postum adds its own wholesomeness to the rich nourishment of milk.

Send TO-DAY for the Story Book and sample. Both are FREE.

FREE! POSTUM STORY BOOK!

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of Instant Postum and The Postum Story Book. P.—C.L.11-30

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Fill in completely—print name and address

If you live in Canada, address GENERAL FOODS, LIMITED, *Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario*

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Postum is a product of General Foods Corporation. Your grocer sells it in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding hot milk or boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is prepared by boiling, and is also easy to make.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

Child Life Kitchen

[*Continued from page 560*]

crackers are also nice to serve with tea.

Set the tea table in the living room, the sun room or your own room, as you like. Grown-ups usually put the tea things on a small, low table and hold their plates or cups and saucers in their hands. But we like best a small table that is spread with a cloth (any kind from paper to linen) and has the trimmings handy in the center and room for our plates and cups without any danger of spilling. If you do set such a table, plan to use cups and saucers and small plates; if you have only a service table and each person holds his plate, use only plates and cups—saucers will not be needed. Lay a napkin and spoon for each person and if you have a lovely flower, even one, put it where it can be seen and enjoyed while you have tea.

Now for the tea and trimmings. Tea is made in a hot teapot from water that is freshly boiled; these two points are essential to success. When the table is set, just about ten minutes before serving time, fill the teapot with very hot water to warm it and measure water for the tea—allow a cup and a half for each person on the average. Put the kettle of water over a low fire so that it heats slowly, just coming to boil as you are ready to serve. Put the canister of tea and a measuring spoon beside the teapot, ready for use. Also have a pitcher for hot water ready to fill.

When the tea table and all food is ready to serve, pour the hot water out of the teapot, put in tea, allowing a teaspoonful for four cups of tea, turn up the fire so that the water bursts into boil and quickly pour the correct amount over the tea. Clap the cover on at once and carry the tea to the table. The time needed in getting seated and starting to serve will be ample time for the tea to steep—three or four minutes. If the tea is too strong for some tastes, fill half the cup with plain hot water or with milk. Different kinds of tea need more or less to the cup but a quarter teaspoonful will be right for most teas and most people. If you ever serve your mother and her friends (as we hope you will sometimes) have a teaball of tea on the table so that stronger tea can quickly be made if there is a call for it.

With the tea serve sugar, cream (top milk, not rich cream, is best for tea) and thin slices of lemon. If you want more dressy trimmings, get a box of

tea lump sugar—it comes in three colors, lemon, orange and mint (green) and is flavored to match. Or add slices of orange trimmed with whole cloves to the lemon dish. Candied ginger is good either in tea or with tea and some like a pot of orange marmalade on the tea table so that a spoonful of marmalade can be dropped into the cup of tea.

By the way, some lemon juice or a little orange marmalade creamed in with the butter for bread and butter sandwiches are very delicious for a change. Also candied orange peel, which we learned to make a long time ago is fine to serve with tea.

By the time Thanksgiving Day arrives you may be so expert at tea making that you may wish to add a little something and have tea instead of supper. (It would be fun, if you could dress up in old-fashioned costumes.) No one wants to eat a real meal after a big day-time dinner and a light tea is exactly right. Nowadays we can buy delicious mixtures of cocoa and malt extract and we plan to make a pudding to serve with our late tea. As soon as the dinner things are away from the kitchen we mean to set to work and make this dish as a surprise.

A MALT COCOA PUDDING

Measure 2 cupfuls of milk, ½ cupful of sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, 5 tablespoonfuls of some standard brand of cocoa and malt and ½ teaspoonful vanilla.

Put the sugar, the cocoa and malt mixture, and 1½ cupfuls of milk into a double boiler to heat.

Dissolve the cornstarch with ½ cupful of milk and as soon as the milk in the double boiler is hot, stir in the cornstarch mixture.

Stir gently and cook till thickened. Add the vanilla and stir. Pour into a chilled mold and put where it will chill quickly. When cold, serve with whipped cream or with a teaspoonful of jelly or jam.

MENU FOR THANKSGIVING TEA
(Really Supper)

Peanut and Jelly Sandwiches
Wholewheat Bread and Cream Cheese Sandwiches
Tea with Cream or Lemon
Candied Orange and Ginger Peel
Malt Cocoa Pudding and Cookies

Fairy Tales and the Spirit

[Continued from page 568]

fruits from the magic tree of life" imbue it.

The "sacred Hazel Tree" drops its "starry fruitage" everywhere for the child of the listening heart. See to it that your child's world is not filled deafeningly—literally and figuratively—with "sounding brass" and "tinkling cymbal," that he has quiet, leisure time and the best works of the imagination.

25c

The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

COLGATE announces the acceptance of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

Be guided in your choice of a toothpaste by the acceptance of the Council on Dental Therapeutics.

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Use Colgate's—not only the largest selling toothpaste in the world—but a toothpaste recommended by dentists for more than a quarter of a century.

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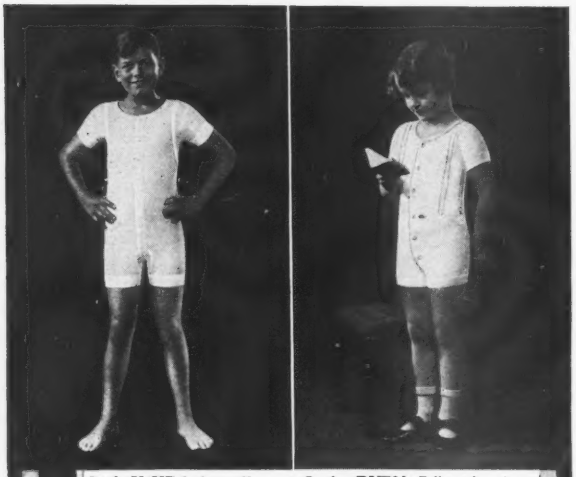
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



Style Y/KD for boys—Heavy-weight waist suit, cream tinted, part wool, rayon stripe, fleeced fabric, Dutch neck, short sleeves, trunk leg, pin tubes, pearl buttons, drop seat. Sizes 2-3 to 12-13. Price $1.00 a garment.
Style Y/AD Same as above but ankle length.

Style BUDN Fall and winter Dutch neck, short sleeves, trunk leg, weight. waist union suit for boy or girl. Bleached, fleeced, knitted fabric. Taped front, back and sides. Non-rusting pin tubes. Taped buttons. Sizes 2-3 to 12-13. Price $1.00 a garment.
Style BU Same as above with long sleeves, ankle length.

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THE French panty styles in children's underwear will continue in vogue right through winter.

Nazareth offers, through leading retailers, these popular styles in various knitted fabrics for cold weather.

Aside from the comfort and freedom these suits give to the wearer, they can be worn with junior styles of today because they do not show below outer garments. We also make ankle length, long sleeve suits for wearing in extremely cold climates.

To be sure of getting Nazareth quality underwear for boys and girls, look for the Nazareth label. If your retailer cannot supply you, write for catalog, mention dealer's name and we will see that you are supplied.

Catalog sent on request

NAZARETH WAIST CO.
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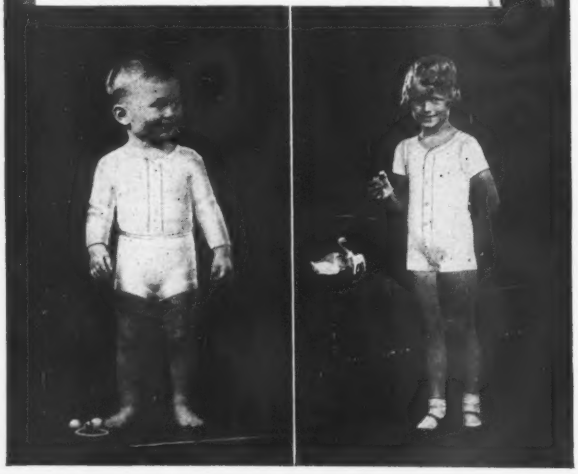
Mills at Nazareth, Pa.

Style HS Infant's Shirt. Fall and winter weight, cream tinted, part wool, rayon stripe, fleeced fabric. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Also made in pin back and tie-side styles. Price 50 cents a garment.
Style P/I Fall and winter panties. French style trunk leg, cream tint, rayon stripe, part wool. Elastic waist band. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 35 cents a garment. Sizes 4, 5, 6, 50 cents a garment.

Style G/TW for girls. Fall and Winter weight, bleached cotton fabric, rayon stripe, short sleeves, trunk leg. Sizes 2-3 to 12-13. Price $1.00 a garment.

Style GT Same as above but in tinted, part wool fabric, rayon stripe.



Thanksgiving by the Sea

[*Continued from page 542*]

"Mutton pasty?" David looked bewildered. He wondered—he believed that that was the smell in church.

"Drive home quickly," Grandmother said. She was beginning to wonder, too.

Once at the farmhouse they helped the man in and onto a couch. David ran to tell Nora.

"Can you fix a hot drink quickly? We've rescued a drowning man. He'll be all right, but he's delirious now about mutton pasty."

"The same am I!" Nora cried, fluttering about excitedly. "Only I'll *never* be all right again! Your grandmother told me to make what I liked with the bit of wheat flour left, and the only dish I could find to bake it in was a bee-yutiful tin box with a good little pan just big enough within. I put it in the oven and it's gone—witched away—a grand mutton pasty!"

"You baked mutton pasty—in that?" Suddenly David understood why everybody got restless in church! In a moment he understood about the rescued man, too.

Nora was kneeling by the couch, laughing and crying. "Aye, and it wouldn't be me own Michael if he couldn't smell mutton pasty a mile off! D'ye know me, lad?"

Michael did. He had been rescued off Twillingate and just found passage back. "They told me at the Green Dragon ye were here. A long walk around by land, so I borrowed a dory—and here I am!"

"Yes, here you are!" Tears stood in Nora's eyes.

"And about the mutton pasty?" Michael pleaded.

Her face fell—until David laughingly held up the missing footstove. She pounced on it and brought forth the little pan full of brown-crusted meat pie.

At that moment gay voices and much stamping of feet outside sent Polly running to the door.

"The five little Doubledays!" she cried.

"Come to eat Thanksgiving!" The eldest nodded happily. "Mother could be left alone a while, so your father hitched up our Dinah and brought us all over! Oh, isn't it nice?"

It surely was—the nicest Thanksgiving that ever was, in that farmhouse by the sea. There were plenty of folks to please Polly and plenty of pie to please David; and Nora and Grandmother and the rest felt that they had a great plenty of everything to be thankful about.

Everything

Aileen Fisher

EVERYTHING seems to have a song,
Everything seems to sing.
Even the snow when I scrunch along
Squeaks . . . .
Like everything!

Our Workshop

[Continued from page 570]

pieces will be alike. If you use wallboard, you will find that you can saw it as easily as wood, and you can smooth sawed edges with sandpaper.

Figure 3 is a pattern for the walls. With a pile of wall pieces cut 9 inches high and 15 inches long, it will only be necessary to saw a doorway in one end of each. Draw the lines of the doorways with ruler and pencil. Saw the doorways exactly on the lines. Then smooth the sawed edges with sandpaper.

Strips of wood about ¾ inch square and 9 inches long are needed for the wall unit center posts. A post is shown in Figure 4. You can buy a ¾-inch square strip and saw it into 9-inch lengths.

To start the assembly of the wall units, glue and nail a wall to one side of a post, as shown in Figure 5. Then nail three walls to the other three sides of the post, as shown in Figure 6.

When you have completed one wall unit, make another one like it. Then build two units like that shown in Figure 7. The difference between the units (Figures 6 and 7) is in the placing of the walls upon opposite sides of the posts. This arrangement is necessary to bring the wall ends of two units together when the units are set up as in Figure 1.

When you have completed the doll-house units, finish the wall surfaces. You can paint, enamel, lacquer, or wallpaper them. You can stipple some of them with gesso, in imitation of rough plaster. You can make gesso by mixing 1¼ cups of whiting with 1 gill of a good glue, 3 teaspoons of linseed oil and 3 teaspoons of varnish. Walls facing each other must be finished alike, of course.

Doorways should be trimmed with casings made of narrow strips of cigar-box wood or cardboard. There must be baseboards, also, a half-beam at the ceiling of the living room, and picture-moldings in the bedrooms. These may be of wood or cardboard, or may be indicated with paint.

Tile floors for the porch, terrace and bathrooms, and tile walls in the bathrooms, may be made of plotting paper. Mount the paper upon cardboard, for the floors, and paste it to the bathroom walls, then fill in alternate squares with black or color.

Next month, I shall give you suggestions for furnishing the bungalow doll house, and show you how to build doll furniture. Meanwhile, build the wall units and have them in readiness.

Good Citizens' League

Although the Good Citizens' League story is not being published this month for lack of space, those members who are earning points should send us their lists of good citizenship deeds for November in time to reach our office by December 5th. *Any good deed that you record* will count.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

The Thrill of Owning a REAL Gun—*Minus the Danger!*

A one shot—a seven shot repeater—and the famous Fox Double Barrel—all well made, faithful reproductions of real guns, all *harmless* for youngsters of all ages. Each of these play guns shoots small wooden pellets with enough force for target practice but not enough to do any damage. Bag of wooden balls comes with each gun. Also two shells and bell target with the Double Barrel.

No Powder! No Danger!

The 15 shot pump action repeater is for boys and girls of twelve and up and grown-ups, too. It shoots red composition pellets with sufficient force for accurate target practice and is a very popular model. Bag of thirty pellets and an interesting trap target game provided with each gun.

PRICES

One Shot $1.65; Seven Shot $2.25; Double Barrel $2.75; 15 Shot $3.90. Buy from your dealer. Write for circular.

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FOX PLAY GUN

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

E-Z UNDERWEAR "FOR ANY CHILD OF ANY AGE"

Are You *buying* STYLE *plus* QUALITY IN CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR?

E-Z UNDERWEAR *combines both!*

The photographs show two of the newest and most popular styles of E-Z Underwear for "Any Child of Any Age." They give the utmost in style, wear, comfort and protection. French style, trunk length—with "short legs" which do not show below outer clothing.

Made in elastic, *knit* fabrics which absorb perspiration and keep the body warm. Correctly cut sizes insure comfort—each garment strengthened where it is most needed.

"FOR ANY CHILD OF ANY AGE"

"FOR ANY CHILD OF ANY AGE"

Other E-Z Underwear styles include knee and ankle lengths—high and low necks—long and short sleeves, all of various knit fabrics to meet every weather condition.

Most E-Z fall styles retail from 85c to $1.00 at stores all over the United States. For "Any Child of Any Age". Write us if your dealer cannot supply it.

E-Z Mills Inc. 57 WORTH ST. NEW YORK

Here are the Prize Winners in the Win-A-Pony Contest

FIRST PRIZE— A REAL LIVE SHETLAND PONY

Janice Crawford, 24 Oakwood St., Albany, N.Y.

Prizes for the Next Best Answers from Girls Awarded in the Following Order:

A $75 Add-a-pearl Necklace consisting of 27 genuine oriental pearls—Marjorie Quincy Comstock, Elmwood, Conn.

Iver Johnson Girls' Roadster Bicycle—Frances May Chappell, St. Louis, Mo.

A Schoenhut Furnished 4-room Doll House—Madeline Virginia Sandt, Madison, N. J.

Eastman Folding Kodak No. 1A, series II—Dorothy Hartung, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Doll's Wardrobe Trunk—Jean Lucius, Hollywood, Calif.

Empire Electric Stove and Oven with Utensils—Emilie R. Dobie, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Playroom Kitchen Cabinet—Barbara Jean Washburn, Piedmont, Calif.

Lincoln Marionette Show—Forsyth Burt, Murray, Utah.

Singer Sewing Machine for making doll clothes—Dorothy Spegar, Inverness, Mont.

Prizes for the Next Best Answers from Boys Awarded in the Following Order:

American Flyer President's Special electric train set and transformer—Jack Hansen, Chicago, Ill.

Iver Johnson Super Mobike Bicycle—Robert S. Chodat, Tampa, Fla.

Meccano Set No. 40 with motor—Billy Hansen, Chicago, Ill.

Silver Ace Flying Model of Curtiss Robin Plane—Barney B. Hart, Cross Plains, Texas.

Weeden Electrically Heated Steam Engine—Eugene Edwards, Edgewater, Colo.

Chest of 14 Stanley Tools—Philip A. Laufer, West Bend, Wis.

Thirty-inch Schoenhut Sail Boat "Saturne,"—Charles A. Dinsmore, Machias, Maine.

Silver Ace Flying Model Pursuit Plane—Jay Smith, Jr., Newman, Georgia.

Knapp Master Magic Set No. 3—Arthur J. Todd, Jr., Springfield, Ohio.

And the Following Prizes for Boys or Girls:

20th and 21st Prizes–Each a Merri-O-Galloper–Martha Vivien Banks, Dadeville, Ala.; Marjorie Anderson, Oelwein, Iowa.

22d to 25th Prizes—Each a pair of Nestor Johnson, Jr. Ice Skates with shoes—Jean Evans, Monroe, Wis.; Ruth Willougby, Cedar Falls, Iowa; Lorraine Reed, Slayton, Minn.; Emma Jean Carlson, Green Bay, Wis.

26th to 35th Prizes—Each a Scott's Modern Stamp Album and 2,000 stamps—Russell Keller, South Pasadena, Calif.; Robert Dunlap, Chicago, Ill.; Billy Morgan, Winnetka, Ill.; Wasley Krogdahl, Springfield, Ill.; Ralf Irwin Paddock, Frankfort, Ind.; Richard S. Bean, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Suzanne Gifford, Hickory, N. C.; Thomas Wathen, Dallas, Texas; William E. Harper, Dallas, Texas; Billy Willett, Bardstown, Ky.

36th Prize—A Kingsbury Golden Arrow Racer—Gilbert W. Stiles, Lake Bluff, Ill.

37th to 45th Prizes—Each a pair of Chicago Rubber Tire Roller Skates—Betty Gillespie, Chicago, Ill.; Mary Emily Preece, Tulsa, Okla.; Marjorie Gould, Omaha, Neb.; Patrick O'Neil, Almira, Wash.; Ellen Bowen, Peoria, Ill.; Jeanne C. Sackett, Shaker Heights, Ohio; Audrey Jane Spreiter, West Concord, Minn.; Randalin Griswold Lansing, Ridgewood, N. J.; Helen Bloom, Chicago, Ill.

46th to 55th Prizes—Each a Knapp Electric Questioner—Mary Landers, Indianapolis, Ind.; Kathryn Jean Flynn, Buhl, Minn.; Jeannette Marquiss, Monticello, Ill.; Jean A. Brown, Lakewood, Ohio; Edward Case, E. Aurora, N. Y.; Eleanor Johnson, Chicago, Ill.; Doris Thorp, Newton, N. J.; Peggy Steinmeyer, St. Louis, Mo.; Dorothy Marie Emmick, Lakewood, Ohio; Marjorie Rutledge, Louisiana, Mo.

56th to 65th Prizes—Each a Triple Set of Lincoln Logs—Jane Barrett, Greeley, Neb.; Shirley Marie Martin, Hollywood, Calif.; Marie Louise Van Esselstyne, Montclair, N. J.; Barbara Aston, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Hazel Rawley, Shaker Heights, Ohio; Katherine Pettis, Wheaton, Ill.; Marjorie Hanson, Mason City, Iowa; Ruth Lois Chevers, Orange, Conn.; Virginia Hunt, Los Angeles, Calif.; Dorothy Neilson, Detroit, Mich.

66th to 75th Prizes—Each a Pair of Kangaroo Springshus—Nancy Preece, Tulsa, Okla.; Parker McCormick, New York, N. Y.; Barbara Rector, Muncie, Ind.; Myrl Courtney Crowder, McLean, Va.; Glenna Marie Lorimer, Flint, Mich.; Mary Louise Kirk, Avon, S. D.; Virginia Harvard, Minneapolis, Minn.; Betty Steinmeyer, St. Louis, Mo.; Margery Schumann, Houston, Texas; Mary Ruth Slatensen, Omaha, Neb.

76th to 80th Prizes—Each a Falcon Playtown Set—Betty Lee Broussard, Beaumont, Texas; Bill Archer, Reston, Manitoba, Canada; Claire Thorp, Newton, N. J.; David Hawkes, Seattle, Wash.; Billy Martin, Lafayette, Ala.

81st to 100th Prizes—Each a Kokomo Electric Flat Iron if a girl, or a Structo Giant Steam Shovel if a boy. Marion Mailhiot, Chicago, Ill.; Iris Thelma Olsen, Iron Mountain, Mich.; Betty Louise Stemler, Cincinnati, Ohio; Richard Langhinrichs, Rock Island, Ill.; Janet Shrader, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Jean Halliburton, Hollywood, Calif.; Louise Frances Hessert, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Edna Bell Welborn, Maryville, Mo.; James E. Brown, Edwardsville, Ill.; Ann Murray Bowen, Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Ruth Louise Bishire, Detroit, Mich.; Robert Kroeger, Moline, Ill.; Walter Edward Higgins, Park Ridge, Ill.; Gerald J. Laufer, West Bend, Wis.; Clyde Ronald King, Fresno, Calif.; Edward Szymansk, Chicago, Ill.; Lawrence C. Byck, Jr., Elizabeth, N. J.; Issac Morhaine, Seattle, Wash.; Steven Novatny, Whiting, Ind.; Ruth Boyd, Geneva, Ill.

101st to 125th Prizes—Each a copy of "Heidi" if a girl, or "King Arthur" if a boy—Elisabeth Keen, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Louis Stogsdill, Wichita, Kan.; Rita Buckborn, Doylestown, Pa.; Jean Haas, Chicago, Ill.; Inez Christiansen, Luck, Wis.; Lucille Peterson, Elmwood Park, Ill.; Betty Hannah, Essex Fells, N. J.; Ruth Dahlgren, Chicago, Ill.; Mary Alice Brent, Columbia, Mo.; Lucy Vaughan Cottrell, Owensboro, Ky.; Patricia W. Akin, Delmar, Iowa; Barbara Jeffers, Sacramento, Calif.; Jane McGee, Pasadena, Calif.; Bill Briggs, Highland Park, Ill.; Dorothy Gilliland, Yakima, Wash.; Billie Gordon, Little Rock, Ark.; June Simmons, Fargo, N. Dak.; Raymond Staley, Grand Forks, N. Dak.; Myrton Rand, Milwaukee, Wis.; Woodie Herren, Birmingham, Ala.; Lloyd Benjamin, Cleveland Heights, Ohio; Arthur Nissen, Jr., Oak Park, Ill.; Donald E. Carson, Kansas City, Mo.; Russel Flaglor, Des Plaines, Ill.; Carolyn Carver, Hanover, Pa.

126th to 150th Prizes—Each a copy of the "Child Life Cook Book" if a girl, or "Making Things with Tools" if a boy—Lee Siler, Leeksville, N. Car.; Van Flaglor, Des Plaines, Ill.; Charles B. Leslie, Minneapolis, Minn.; George Adams, Jr., San Leandro, Calif.; Tom Allen, Williamsport, Pa.; Robert E. Fields, Sterling, Ill.; Lawrence Curtis, LaGrange, Ill.; Elizabeth Green, Mobeetie, Tex.; Eloise Rogers, Fullerton, Calif.; Nancy Wilcox, Unadilla Forks, N. Y.; Anne Penn Wray, Knoxville, Tenn.; Audrey Janes, Dodson, Mont.; Dalton Peterson, Hoopeston, Ill.; Alice Morrison, Fostoria, Ohio; Aileen Powell, Portland, Ore.; Mary Louise Fast, Hillsdale, N. J.; Jane Ellen Warrick, Bloomington, Ill.; June Pereira, Raceland, La.; Christine Hoenighausen, Detroit, Mich.; Edith Adele Flack, South Bend, Ind.; Florence Kremsreiter, West Bend, Wis.; Betty Jane Moulton, Worcester, Mass.; Jeanne and Mary McGrath, Chicago, Ill.; Helen Frances Williams, Bowling Green, Mo.; Edith McElheny, Fort Worth, Texas.

YOU can hardily imagine the thousands upon thousands of interesting and correct sets of puzzle pictures we received in the CHILD LIFE contest. Many were presented as booklets, others as posters; some were accompanied by dolls dressed like the characters. Some of the boys made toys that actually moved—such as a merry-go-round and ferris wheel. Some of the girls made quilts, theaters, peep shows.

After selecting the 150 prize winners, the judges asked that honorable mention be given to other entries they especially liked. So as soon as space will permit this list will also be published.

You See . . . and Hear

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Cry-Baby

[*Continued from page 555*]

and had to quiet things down. Everybody was writing out ideas for the play for compositions, and figuring out who should be John Alden and Priscilla and Miles Standish and all the rest.

That was where Billy-June proved herself useful, because even if nobody even mentioned giving *her* a part, she could write and make it sound real. In fact, before the play was written, a lot of Billy-June's ideas had wriggled into it, and she grew so interested in it that she asked Miss O'Neill if she couldn't copy the important parts on her mother's typewriter.

It took a long time, because her mother happened to be out, and Billy-June got tangled up with the carbon papers so that the copies came out like the "Jabberwocky" poem in "Alice." So she made one copy without the carbons, and then her mother came home, and helped her get the carbon paper in "butter-side down" and she copied it again.

"I just about know the whole thing from memory," she said, making the papers into neat little books.

Rehearsals were even more fun than writing the play, and Room 19 was very busy practicing and making costumes and talking about scenery. Harry Baker was John Alden, and Tom Mullins—who still called Billy-June "Cry-baby"—was Miles Standish. Mary Gardner was to be Priscilla. Priscilla's part was really quite important, because she had something to say in all the scenes. Then there were a lot of Pilgrim women and men who just stood around and didn't say much. Billy-June was to be one of these.

The play was to be given in the assembly room, and because it was easy to see that it would be a good play, there were to be lots of visitors. The play would be given on Wednesday afternoon, the day before Thanksgiving. The cast had gone over their lines so often that it seemed as though no one could possibly make a mistake, and Billy-June, who had known the whole play from memory before they started, could almost say it backward.

The members of Room 19 tramped to school Monday morning in a drenching rain, but Mary Gardner's seat was empty. Miss O'Neill looked worried, remembering that Mary had the part of Priscilla in the play.

"The bridge over the creek was swept away in the storm last night," Tom Mullins explained.

"Well, I hope they get it fixed by Wednesday," said Miss O'Neill for Mary came in to school from her home in the country, and had to cross the creek each morning.

The rains continued all day Tuesday and when Wednesday morning came Mary's seat was still empty. Telephone wires were down, but they knew that she would get there, if it were possible. They hoped against hope that she could find a boat to carry her across, but they knew, that, even if she could, it might prove unsafe.

By quarter after one, Mary had not come, and

[*Continued on page 598*]

From *The Story of the Pilgrims.* (Macmillan)

Our Book Friends

[*Continued from page 583*]

THE NEW BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

Lately we have been talking each month about some one of those new sets of books that have been specially written to help you find out about things—things you are studying in school, things you just wonder about.

The longest of all these sets of books is the new edition of *The Book of Knowledge,* just published in twenty volumes—that is, twenty besides the special volume for teachers, and the paper bound book of games that the publishers give to each purchaser.

And besides being larger, the Book of Knowledge is arranged differently from the others. Instead of going a-b-c like a dictionary, the stories are arranged by departments. *The Book of Knowledge* begins with a general story about the earth. Then if you want to go on reading astronomy and geology stories, there are two others to turn to and more in the next volume.

From *The Trail of the Ragged Fox.* (Macrae Smith)

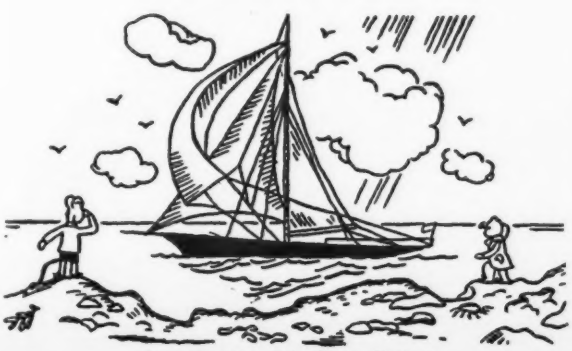
Or if you want a change, you can go on to the plant and animal stories, and the paragraph answers to questions that you have always wanted to ask Mother, but haven't quite dared for fear she might think them silly: Where does a tadpole's tail go? Why is night dark? Could the sky ever fall down? You can read famous stories and poems and stories out of American history, or you can travel all over the world, or find things to do on a rainy day. There are eighteen departments in all.

When you come to think of it, what you usually do with an encyclopaedia anyway, once you open it, is to go on reading.

At the same time *The Book of Knowledge* is just as handy as any encyclopaedia for looking things up. Volume 20 is a complete index that will show you how to chase anything you want to know about through all the other volumes.

All the stories, even those that explain things, are written so that you can't help reading them, and there are always plenty of pictures to do their part in the telling. Then, every once in awhile, there will be a few pages of just pictures.

[*Continued on page 593*]



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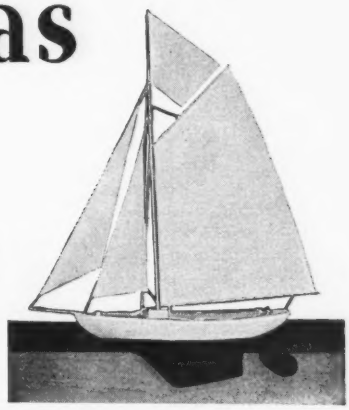

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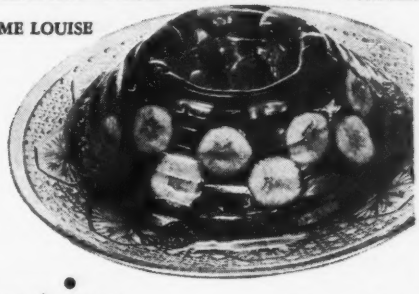

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Journeys To Advertising Land

[*Continued from page 533*]

Robert and Ruth walked behind him through the dense shade cast by the towering banana plants. Soon the guide stopped near three men and a drowsy-looking mule. "When the fruit is ready to be gathered," he explained, "cutting gangs made up of three men start into the grove at daybreak."

As they watched, Robert and Ruth noticed that one man walked ahead with a long pole. A big knife was in one end of it. He went from one plant to another, looking high above his head at each bunch of fruit.

"That man is called the cutter," said the guide. "He decides which bunches are large enough to be gathered."

Just then, the cutter paused under a giant plant and made a gash in it below the bunch. It swung so that it lighted on the "backer," the second man, who caught it on his shoulder. The "backer" started toward the "muleman," who, after three other bunches were loaded on, drove to the tramway.

As Robert and Ruth followed the guide back through the grove, Ruth looked up with a puzzled expression. "Do they cut down a plant every time they gather a bunch of bananas?" she wanted to know.

The guide told her that is just what happens, and that each plant can produce only one bunch of fruit. After the fruit is gathered, the plants rot on the ground, and become good fertilizer for the soil.

When Robert and Ruth had joined their Uncle and host, they were eager to tell about what they had seen.

"You haven't seen it all," the grower told them. "Uncle Bob must take you down to the loading docks and show you how the fruit is shipped to other countries".

Thanking their host and waving good-by to the friendly guide, Robert and Ruth were whisked away to the wharves.

On the way, Uncle Bob told them the story of the tropics, and how it had once been all jungle land without roads, bridges, stores or homes. "And," he concluded, "this whole Carribean country had to be civilized, just as America did when the first explorers came and found it full of Indians."

In a very few moments, the car that Robert, Ruth and Uncle Bob were in, stopped at the wharves where several large white ships were docked. They saw that each bunch of bananas was examined, and only those that were all-green and perfect were placed in the canvas pockets of the conveyors that reached from the dock to the hold of the vessel.

The jolly-faced Captain told them that the cooling of the banana cargo is begun by the refrigeration machinery. "Banana's breathe," was the way he put it. "They absorb oxygen and throw off carbon dioxide. The fruit must be placed in air that is cold enough to keep it from ripening."

"When will these bananas get ripe?" Ruth asked.

"After they are unloaded from the ship," the Captain answered. "Bananas are ripened in warm 'ripening rooms.' There they hang until they are sweet and ripe enough for you to eat."

"That is the way you must always eat bananas," Uncle Bob added. "Very ripe—with brown spots on their skins. When all the green is gone from the tip, and they smell good and mellow—then bananas are good for children."

On the way to the hotel, Ruth was very busy thinking. She'd heard a lot at home and at school, too, lately, about what a fine food bananas are for people. She remembered that the doctor had told her mother to put bananas in Baby Brother's food. They had vitamins and minerals. Suddenly a happy thought came to her.

"When I get home, Uncle Bob, I'm going to ask my teacher to let us build a little model banana plantation. You said we would be able to make one after today, and I believe I could. We could use green crepe paper for the banana trees—I mean plants."

"And make a railway track," Robert broke in enthusiastically.

"And a man with a long pole, and little mules!" Ruth continued.

"I think that is a fine idea, Ruth," and Uncle Bob patted her hand.

Throughout the rest of the trip, Ruth and Robert were thinking of the things that might be put into a small-sized banana plantation.

And when they returned home, they made one so that all of their friends could see what banana plantations are like.

(Advertisement)

The Prickly Prince

[*Continued from page 562*]

JO: I'm Jo March, one of Miss Alcott's Little Women. When Father went to the Civil War and Amy, Beth, and Meg and I stayed at home, we kept things humming, I can tell you! After we met Laurie, what larks we had! Come up in my apple tree and I'll tell you about them! (*She disappears with a wave of her hand and Peter Pan flutters in.*)

PETER PAN: I'm Peter Pan of Never-Never-Land. Come with me to my tree-house and I'll show you the pirates and Indians and mermaids and we'll have more adventures with the Lost Boys! Wendy will play Mother and tuck us in nights. It's fun never to grow up! Come with Peter! Come! [*He smiles and stretches forth his arms. The* PRICKLY PRINCE *takes another step forward, but* PETER *disappears and* CINDERELLA *in her beautiful ball gown is waiting in his place.*]

CINDERELLA: I'm Cinderella. Come with me in my fairy godmother's pumpkin coach to the prince's ball! Come before the clock strikes twelve and my clothes are changed again to rags. Come with Cinderella!

[*She disappears and* TOM *and* REBECCA *appear together.*]

TOM: I'm Tom Sawyer.

REBECCA: And I'm Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm! I'll tell you all about Mr. Aladdin and the soap coupons and the parasol I threw down the well if you come with me.

TOM: Pooh! I can tell you about Indian Joe and Huck Finn and how I got lost in the cave! C'mon! All of you!

PRICKLY PRINCE: Let's all go! I *do* like these book friends and I want to hear all about their adventures! C'mon!

NED: All right! Let's. But remember there are hundreds of other book friends, too, that you're going to like just lots.

KING CURLY-Q: Wait a second! I'm coming, too. C'mon, Tighty. Miss Nagg, c'mon. You're a *grand* wizardess to think of these book friends.

MISS NAGG: These children helped!

NELLY: C'mon! We'll have time to visit Bookland before Ned and I have to go home! Hurrah for book friends!

ALL (*joining hands and starting after* TOM *and* REBECCA): Hurrah!

BOOK FRIENDS (*off stage*):

The fairy bell's ringing!
From Bookland we're bringing
You greetings and singing
To come here and play!
Adventures and treasure
And hours of pleasure
And joy without measure
We'll bring as we say.
Come with us to Bookland,
To dear magic Bookland,
to beautiful Bookland
Come with us to-day!

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Our Book Friends

[*Continued from page 591*]

A BUNNY SCOUT'S GOOD DEED

TIMOTHY CRUNCHIT: The Calico Bunny, by Martha Jane Ball. Illustrated by Gaye Woodring.....$1.50 (Laidlaw Brothers)

"What do they eat for lunch?" asked Timothy Crunchit. Miss Rose Ann, the pretty young school teacher, was crying because the children in her room always behaved badly when afternoon came. He was a brave rabbit. He might have been made into rabbit pie. "But anyway," he said, "it will take a lot of vegetables to make enough." Once they got started, Timothy and his troop didn't have much trouble teaching the children to eat fresh vegetables and drink milk. They had already taught Santa Claus and his helpers to eat them. Maybe after reading this book you will prefer eating wholesome food for lunch, too.

[*Continued on page 594*]

The House in Hidden Lane

[*Continued from page 581*]

after that there was no chance to see her alone, for she and Lulu were sent off early to bed.

After the two girls were safely asleep and the house was dark and silent, Mrs. Tanner, accompanied by Junior and Lucky, crept cautiously to the kitchen. Magnolia, in her room above, was awake also and all aflutter, and would come and peer down the stairway at the slightest sound. They told her to keep absolutely quiet, no matter what they saw, and finally she went to bed. The others sat in the darkness below, keeping awake by eating crackers, and assuring one another at intervals, in whispers, that probably nothing would happen anyhow. It usually didn't when they were watching for it. But Mrs. Tanner said she fervently hoped it would, or they would probably lose Magnolia. "We've got to prove to her that it isn't a ghost, and put a stop to this absurd thing for good!" she declared.

And then, exactly at twelve-thirty, they were all startled almost out of their shoes to hear a soft tap-tap-tapping on the side of the house, accompanied by a low groan!

(The conclusion of "The House in Hidden Lane" will appear in the December issue of CHILD LIFE

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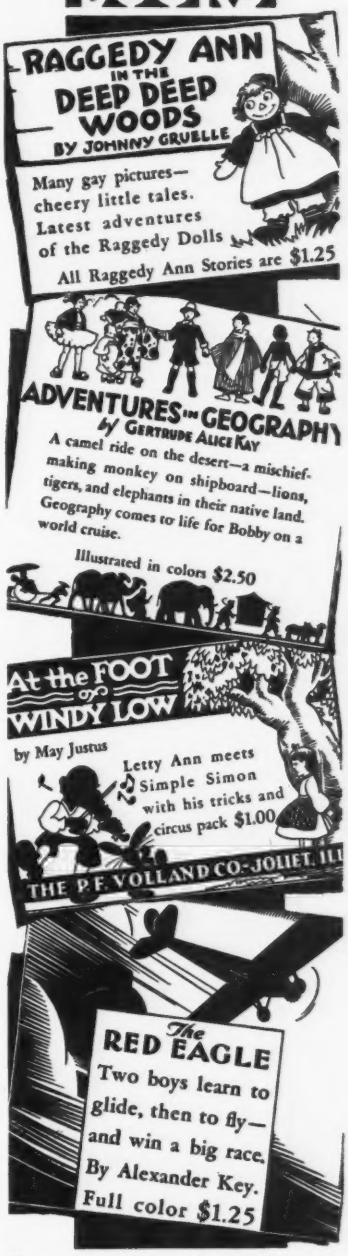
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Our Book Friends

[*Continued from page 593*]

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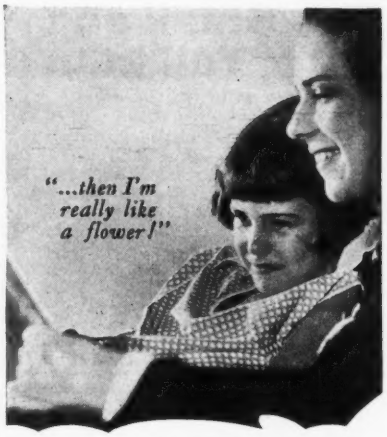

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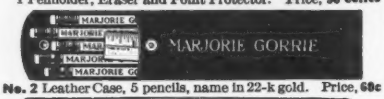

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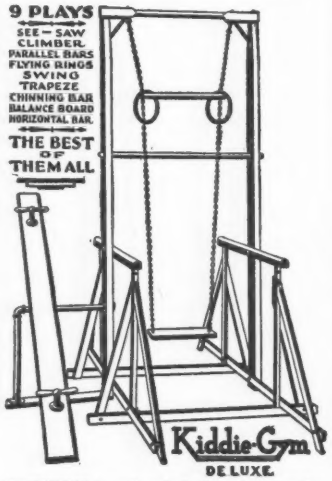

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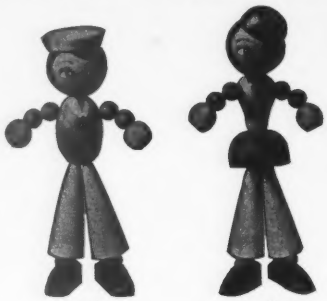

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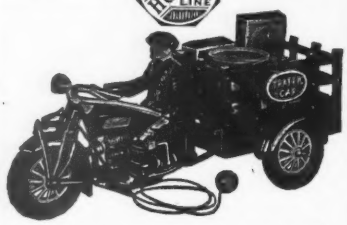

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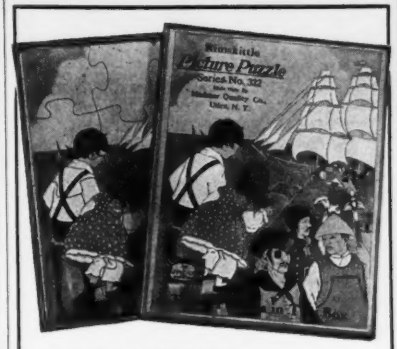

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Then 'way down to the bottom of the sea and to the world a million years ago. This exciting, new kind of game takes you to these and other wonderful places. And think of it!, it tells you all you want to know about the strange animals that live in them, the birds, flowers, etc., by answering your questions correctly through a mysterious buzzing sound. Comes complete with battery and 15 cards.

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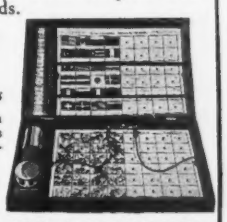

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☐ Money enclosed ☐ I'll pay postman.

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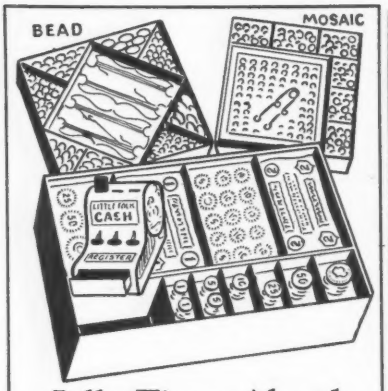

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THREE splendid games for busy little minds and fingers. No better solution to the question of "What can I do now, Mother."

Every child will love to string these brightly colored Glass Beads.

Our Toy Play Money including Toy Cash Register, supplies the most necessary item to the everlasting game of "Let's play store."

With the Glass Mosaic Game, older members of the family can join in the fun, too.

In Toy Departments everywhere, ask for these Games at your dealers, and if not obtainable, we will send you any of these Games postpaid.

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Please send me postpaid
Toy play Money and Toy Cash Register at $1.00
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Enclosed is $..... for above order
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THOUSANDS of youngsters all over the country enjoyed healthful, safe winter fun last year on Peters' Snow Skates and Jr. Ski & Pole Sets.

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Used wherever there is even a light snow. No need of ice. No danger of drowning. Just skim over the snow's surface like a toboggan.

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SKI SKATES & SKI SETS

Send 10c for Rollfast Skating Cap

First Roller-Skater: "G'wan, YOU can't skate on OUR team. Where's your Rollfast Skates!"
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The speediest, sturdiest skates are Rollfasts

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY, D. P. HARRIS BLDG., N. Y.

Rollfast SKATES

next to wings

Cry-Baby

[*Continued from page 590*]

Room 19 was completely upset. The entertainment was to be at two—and Miss O'Neill was trying to find someone who knew Priscilla's part. Some of the girls knew one or two speeches but that was all.

"Well, then," said Miss O'Neill, "we'll just have to let somebody read Priscilla's part, and explain to the audience that it's an emergency."

"Please, Miss O'Neill," said Billy-June trembling with excitement. "Please—I can say Priscilla's part."

"But—" Miss O'Neil looked worried, naturally enough.

But there was no time to worry. Even Tom Mullins looked impressed as they scurried down to the assembly room to get ready.

Billy-June didn't look at the audience. She looked at the other players, and pretended as hard as she could that she *was* Priscilla. Just for a moment when she said her first speech her voice sounded queer, but she pinned her mind tight to the idea that Priscilla was a brave girl. And at last she and Harry went all the way through the "Why don't you speak for yourself, John," scene, and even when the audience laughed with amusement she didn't falter.

The play was over and everybody clapped and clapped. They clapped some more when Mr. Andrews, the principal, explained that Billy-June had saved the day.

"How did you manage to do it, honey?" asked Mrs. Spalding.

"Well," said Billy-June slowly, "Miss O'Neill said it was an *emergency*. And Daddy said a good mining engineer never thought about himself in an emergency, but just did what had to be done. Just knowing that it was an emergency made it different."

"The best part about it," said her mother, "is that if a person is frightened and manages to get over it, even once, she will never be really frightened again."

And that was the way it happened. Billy-June was no longer the cry-baby of Room 19, and it wasn't two more weeks before she wrote to her father that she had been voted into the Fireflies.

Thanksgiving Day is Coming!

[Continued from page 577]

should be very grateful this Thanksgiving Day for the growth of good music in America. When I went to school we sang very few good songs, but to-day the best folk songs are found in every school song book. We had no High School Glee Club, but to-day such clubs are among the best singing groups in America. Orchestras, in my high schools days, were unheard of, and now I hear Bach, Beethoven and Tschaikowsky symphonies well played by these organizations. When you eat your turkey be grateful for all these musical riches. Be still more grateful for youth, in which you may learn more of musical beauty, more of our early history through songs and dances of the past, more of the power of good music to bring lasting happiness.

Now go to the piano and play that short and simple tone-picture of the Pilgrims, written by Edward MacDowell—our foremost American composer. It is called "A.D 1620." After that we will all sing a thanksgiving song which has been a favorite for over a century. It is a carol, a song of gratitude. I'll be singing it with my "Child Life" friends, for I am grateful for the many letters that they write to me and only sorry that I haven't been able to answer them all. But I am with them in spirit, and especially with those who are interested in our American folk ways, folk songs and dances, for our country is a huge Treasure Island to young musical Americans and it is to this island that I look for American musical riches.

"Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluyas raise:
By him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move,
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

"By him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom with spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing;
He filleth with his fullness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace."

MAN O' WAR

MAN O' WAR GARMENTS REG.

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Spirited in line, gay in color and as smart as good designing can make it, this suit merits the nation-wide popularity that it enjoys. You'll see these dashing suits at the girls' schools and colleges everywhere this season, on the gym floor, at tap dancing classes or flashing through the lively action of a basket-ball game.

"The suit of the season" is made in one piece for comfort and freedom. It is made of "Good-Game" suiting in light and dark blue, light and dark green, maize, rose, peach, heliotrope or white. It is durable, practical and reasonable. The price is only $1.95, or $2.95 in silky lustrous Broadcloth in copen, green, maize or rose. Send check or money-order direct if your local store hasn't stocked these attractive little suits yet. Sizes are 6 to 22.

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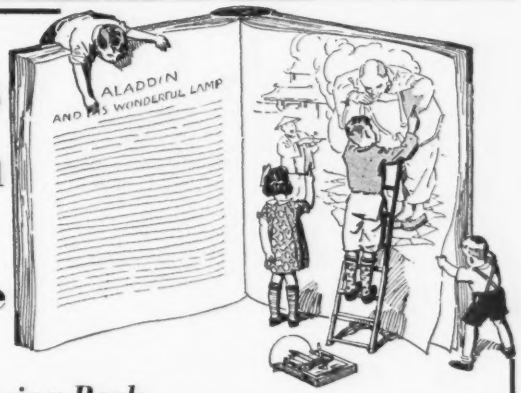

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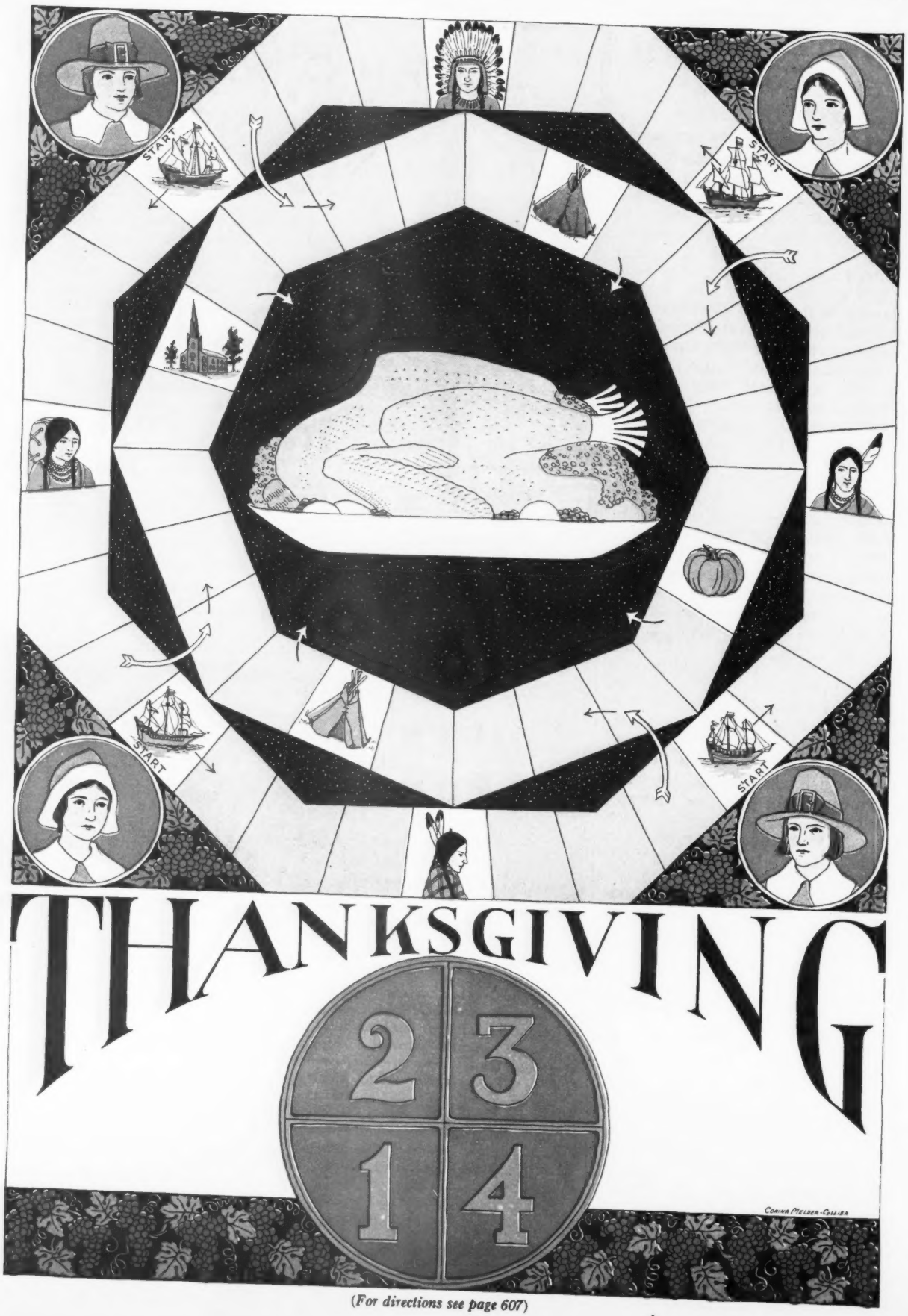
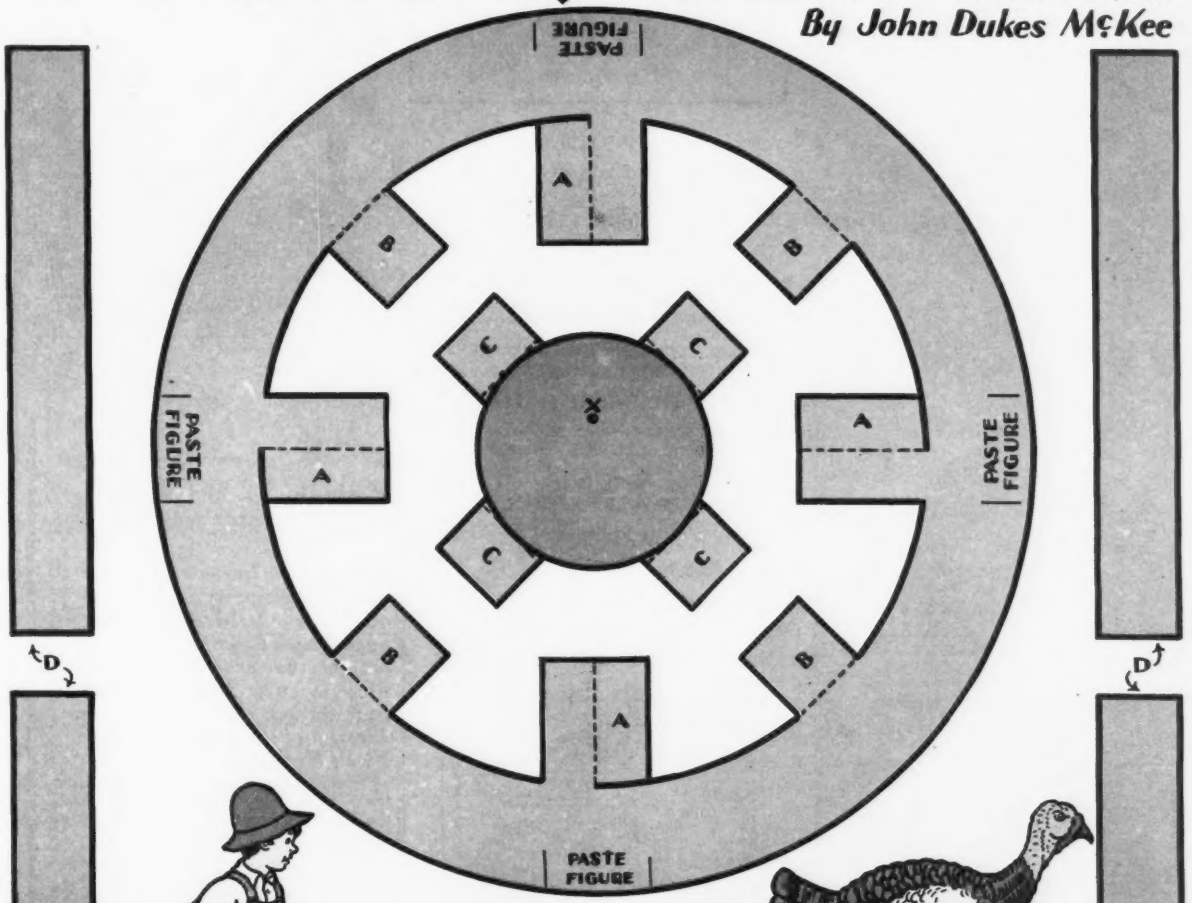
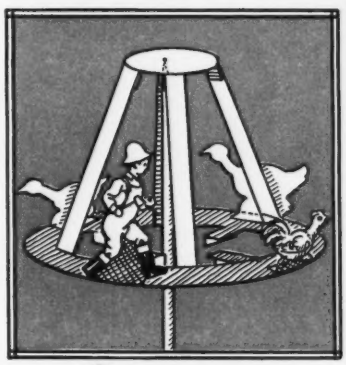


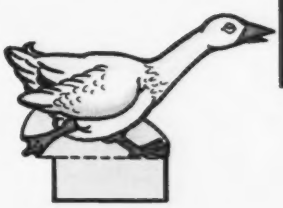
(For directions see page 607)

A FOWL RACE

By John Dukes McKee







SKETCH OF FINISHED TOY

DIRECTIONS

MOUNT the page on paper about the weight of a cereal carton or a cracker box. Make all the pieces. Bend down the flaps marked A on the big circle and bend up the flaps marked B on the same piece. Then bend down flaps marked C on the small circle and paste the long strips marked D to them as shown in small sketch. Bend the flaps back on the figures and paste where indicated on big circle. Now notice the dot marked x on the small circle. It is off center a little. There are two ways of operating the toy. First: make an indentation with a sharp pencil on the underneath side of the small circle directly under the spot marked on the top. Do not push the pencil clear through the paper, but just enough so the toy will not slide when balanced on the point. Now use a long pencil or a wire with a sharp point, balance the toy on it and hold above a stove, hot air register or radiator. The toy will turn around and around. You may make a base for it by boring a hole in a flat piece of thin wood and inserting the pencil or wire in it so it will stand upright. Second: knot a fine thread and run it from the bottom through the black dot. Suspend the toy over the draft of hot air and it will whirl about.

"Blossom Time"
All the Time in
California
and Southern Arizona

The warmth of Spring awaits you. The Santa Fe will take you—on Santa Fe rails "all the way." You leave on the Santa Fe and arrive on the Santa Fe. **The CHIEF is still chief—the fastest and most exclusive train to Southern California.**

Pullman reservations now being made.

All-expense tours on certain dates this winter.

After California—Hawaii.

---------MAIL COUPON---------

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
903 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Please mail folders checked below:
☐ California Picture Book ☐ The Indian-detours
☐ California Hotel Rates ☐ Arizona Winter
☐ All-expense Tours

Joy Givers' Club

CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away.

NOVEMBER

November is a jolly month,
He brings the frost and snow;
And later on, he brings the day
That we all love and know.

Now who cares if November's cold?
Not I, because I'm gay,
For underneath his overcoat
He tucks Thanksgiving Day.

BETTY STRAHLEY,
Age 8½

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving day is near at last,
We all remember about the past.

And everybody in the town
Has a big feast of turkey brown.

Our tummies are loaded with cookies and cake
Which Grandma has taken such pains to bake.

DORIS PERINCHIEF,
Age 12. Huntington, L. I., N. Y.

MARY ANN DeVAY

Dear CHILD LIFE:

My brother James and I enjoy reading "Child Life" and baby loves the pictures.

I belong to a sewing club of six little girls and we are going to get "The Sew-It Book" for the coming year.

We live between two beautiful lakes—Lake Harriet and Lake Calhoun.

My cousin, Doris Edson of New Holstein, Wisconsin, spent a week with me at Seton Camp, Lake Minnetonka, which is twenty miles from here. We loved the outdoor life as well as the parties.

MARY ANN DE VAY,
Age 10. Minneapolis, Minn.

THE CIRCUS

The circus is a funny thing,
It hasn't got much sense,
But when the clowns come in the ring
It's worth your twenty cents.

MARY ANN DE VAY
Minneapolis, Minn.

Litho Plate
EDUCATIONAL BLACKBOARDS

Mould the character and develop the inherent abilities of your children. They encourage three mental reactions that are basic principles for success in every job undertaken. *Enthusiasm—Thoughtfulness—and Fidelity of Purpose.*

Give your children the aid you know they deserve; get them a LITHO PLATE Educational Blackboard. Its pleasing appearance and outstanding educational features will surprise and please you.

Illustrated is the novel LITHO PLATE Combination Table and Blackboard—Besides combining all the advantages of LITHO PLATE Educational Blackboards—it serves as an attractive table. *See them on display at your local merchants.*

If your local merchant cannot supply you, we will send you a LITHO PLATE Combination Table and Blackboard with 40 charts complete with 2 chairs at $13.50. Or a LITHO PLATE Educational Blackboard, as illustrated at the right, with 40 charts and unbreakable, slated blackboard, at $4.95—or one having 60 Educational charts, with 30 in color, at $5.95, F.O.B. Muncie, Indiana.

RICHMOND
SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.
MUNCIE, INDIANA, U. S. A.

"My Kiddies All Complain that Bedtime comes Too Soon....."

Dear Kiddies·

It's so much fun playing on the floor with an interesting toy. I don't blame my little friends for not wanting to go to bed when night time comes.

I try to design my toys to make play hours as happy as can be. I make them so they can be used in the house or out of doors.

If you don't have a Hustler Toy of your own, I'll gladly send you some colored pictures of them. Just have Mother write your name and address below and mail it to me

Lovingly,
Uncle Bill Hustler

HUSTLER
Lifelike TOYS Instructive GAMES
IN TOY DEPARTMENTS EVERYWHERE

UNCLE BILL HUSTLER
Dept. C-5, Hustler Toy Corp., Sterling, Ill.

Kindly send colored picture booklet of Hustler Toys. I am enclosing five cents (5c) in stamps (or coin) to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

I am....years old. My birthday is.....

TRAVELERS SEE STRANGE THINGS

In Holland the children all wear wooden shoes,
The windmills turn clattering wings;
Tall dikes keep the ocean from flooding the land.
Oh, travelers see strange things!

HELEN LOUISE BOOTH,
Age 11. Rye, New York.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

The Cardinals were all surely making a fuss in and around our umbrella trees. (I never saw a prettier color than Daddy Cardinal's red coat.) Both he and Mother Cardinal were lovely, but they simply wouldn't settle down long enough for us to admire them. We were so disappointed. They couldn't stay in one place long enough to sing for us. But how were we to know that they were unhappy?

We had been feeding them bread crumbs, and had kept the 'shower' going in the grape arbor, but they kept flying from tree to tree until we decided to see what was wrong. Everybody sat quietly near the umbrella trees. Presently a little bird came hop, hop, hop right under the tree where Daddy was sitting. Its mouth was spread from ear to ear as though it were looking for food. Before we realized it, that baby cardinal had hopped across the lawn and hidden itself in the hedge. All evening we watched to see that nothing harmed him.

Suddenly Daddy and Mother discovered a nest in one of our umbrella trees. It was such a relief to know the baby would have shelter up there among the thick green leaves in the umbrella tree until he learned more about flying.

Your friend,
JUNE LITTLE,
Age 9. St. Joseph, Mo.

RAIN

I wish there were a magic way
To make the rain come every day.

JOHN WILLIAMS BERG,
Age 5. Mondovi, Wis.

JOHN W. BERG

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am rather a tomboy. I own a horse and ten rabbits. I often ride my horse. Her name is Lady, but she is on the order of a Western Broncho. One day I was riding about three miles from home when Lady started to buck. It was so unexpected that I was thrown. She set off at a gallop for home. I had to hike it back home, where I found her waiting. She is a brown and white spotted horse, but she is unusually small.

MARIE LA FORGE,
Age 12. Union Bridge, Md.

Joyous Health for scampering feet!

Foot troubles cause many painful ailments . . . so easily prevented . . . if mothers only knew! Foot health is chiefly a matter of providing the *correct shoes* during the formative years of early youth. Simplex Flexies keep young feet young because they are scientifically designed to let tender bones and muscles develop *naturally*. Sold by leading shoe dealers and department stores.

SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. CO.
Dept. E11-30 Milwaukee, Wis.

Creators of daintier footwear for young feet from 1 to 21

High and low styles, all widths, in a great variety of fine leathers. Special non soak, double-wear soles —Natural Arch —Built the Doctor's Way.

Simplex Flexies
KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

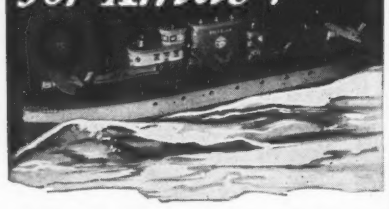
The coupon will bring you free copies of two very interesting booklets.

SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. COMPANY,
Dept. E11-30
Milwaukee, Wis.
Without obligation, send me booklets: "The Care of Baby's Feet" and "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot".

Name.....

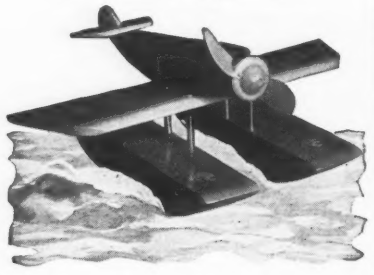
Address.....

O boy! Wouldn't you like THIS BOAT for Xmas?



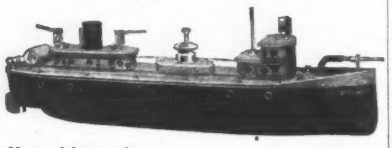
A REAL airplane carrier—lifelike as the U. S. S. Lexington! Catapults seaplanes from the deck. Carries fleet of four pursuit planes that zoom out over the sea and light on the water. Revolving gun turrets, funnels and bridge placed on starboard beam to clear decks. Two powerful steel and brass motors with twin screws give her great speed and cruising range. An ocean-going giant—27 in. long—and only $12.

or this Seaplane?



A speedy, single-motored racing ship—modeled after the Schneider Cup seaplanes. Air propeller shoots it across surface of water at a surprising speed. Powerful Liberty steel and brass motor gives it a great cruising range. Fusilage, pontoons and wings of solid wood—non-crushable and non-sinkable. 14 in. wing-spread. Only $3.00. Or for $5.00 get the larger, twin-motored Liberty Seaplane. A biplane of 22 in. wing-spread with a 200 ft. cruising range. A beautiful man-sized model.

or this Fireboat?



No model navy is complete without this fireboat to protect the waterfront. Has revolving nozzle on fore deck, supplied by pressure pump amidships. Throws powerful stream of water high into the air—to a distance of 25 ft. Powered by standard Liberty steel motor, for speed when the alarm rings. Length 22 in. Price $7.50

If your dealer cannot supply

USE THIS COUPON

LIBERTY PLAYTHINGS, Inc.
Niagara Falls, N. Y., Dept CL.

Send me Liberty Playboats checked below. I'll pay postman the stated price, plus few cents postage. (If cash is sent with order, we pay postage.)

No. 60 Airplane Carrier with FREE wheels - $12.00
No. 7 Fireboat " " " - 7.50
No. 23 Junior Seaplane (no wheels needed) - 3.00
No. 22 Large Seaplane (not shown) - - - 5.00

Name.....
Street.....P. O.....
State.....

Liberty Playboats

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I live on a fairly large farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia. I live right near historic points in Bucks County. In Wrightstown is a large stone monument put there by the Bucks County Historical Society in memory of the Leni Lenape Indians who used to live all around Wrightstown.

The Indian Walk started in Wrightstown and that monument is just on the boundary of the Indian Walk; in fact, the Indian Walk went across our farm. Dad has found arrow heads and spear heads and Indian implements on certain parts of our farm and so have I.

About four or five miles from us, as the crow flies, is a farm on which there was an Indian village by the name of Playwicky. People found tomahawks and war clubs there and arrow and spear heads. A monument was put there and was dedicated by a full-blooded American Indian coming from Wisconsin.

D. WITSON ATKINSON, JR.,
Wrightstown, Pa.

JULIA FRITZ

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I am going to tell you about the "First American" held here in August every year.

There is a parade every morning and an afternoon and an evening performance. Everyone turns out with brightly colored shirts or with an Indian costume, and the town is one complete mass of color.

Any day during the First American you can see an Indian coming along by the side of a cowboy or a cowgirl, with a brightly colored shirt and kerchief.

Even the Indians celebrate by wearing their brightest colored scarfs and blankets.

It is a wonderful sight that nobody could forget very soon.

Here are the names of some of the best performers; Princess Louschaeyna, meaning the Humming Bird, a Chickasaw contralto; Haske Naswood, a Navaho barytone; Chief Yowlache, a Yakima barytone; Taptuka, a Hopi tenor; and Jules Verne Allen, the singing cowboy.

I would say that there are about a thousand Indians of different tribes who are taking part.

I am sending you a picture of myself taken this year during the First American.

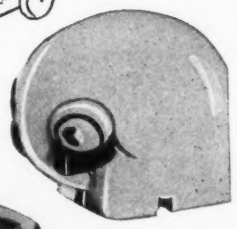
A Child Life reader,

JULIA FRITZ,
Age 11. Albuquerque, N. Mex.

IT'S COME TO TOWN IT'S COME TO TOWN

The SOAPY CIRCUS

HAS COME TO TOWN!



The husky, tusky elephump

The zebra—striped like a barber pole

The lordly lion with meany mien

Three big, gay circus animals made from finest baby bath soap—the very best quality, guaranteed absolutely pure domestic Kerk-Guild castile . . . brilliantly colored with pure vegetable or certified food colors that are perfectly harmless . . .

Securely caged in a brilliant box set on a real little circus wagon, strong and heavy and circusy . . . safely packed in a box about 7 inches long and 5 inches square . . . all for $1.00.

If your dealer doesn't have the Soapy Circus, ask him to get it, or send us his name with $1.00 each for as many sets as you need to favor the children you love, at Christmas-tide. Satisfaction or money back. Endorsed by Child Life Institute.

THE SOAPY CIRCUS

is a Kerk-Guild Product made by The Lamp Studio, Utica, N. Y.

KERK GUILD

The Lamp Studio, Dept. 101, Utica, N. Y.
Please send me.....Soapy Circus postpaid.
I enclose $1.00 for each outfit ordered.

Name (print please).....
Address.....
Dealer.....

Here are

GAMES

everybody will enjoy!

Lively, interesting "PLA-RITE" Games that provide hours of happiness. Here are just a few; send for pamphlet describing them all.

WITCH-EE

The Animated Fortune Teller

A most fascinating, tantalizing game that instantly captivates older children and grown-ups. Just a rub and WITCH-EE appears to tell fortunes. Beautifully reproduced in many colors and complete with a fortune telling book and full directions. Price 75 cents.

DOODLE-BUG RACE

Fun and Excitement for all Children

Six comical Doodle-Bugs tumble their way around the real country race track amid the laughter and excitement of the players. Fast action and unlimited amusement abound in this game. Everything complete. Price $1.00

LITTLE BO-PEEP

An Unique Game on a Popular Subject

The childrens' own story of Bo-Peep and her lost sheep, made into a novel and beautiful game. 32 lost sheep must be found, and the method of finding them is both unique and interesting for the children. Price $1.00

"PANDORA" PICTURE PUZZLES

Three Subjects in Set;
"Siegfried and Dragon"
"Cinderella and the Prince"
"The Pied Piper and Hamlin"

Three subjects each reproduced in gorgeous colors on heavy cardboard, size 9½ x 12 in., and cut into large, irregular pieces so the children can enjoy hours of amusement fitting the pieces together correctly. Each set wrapped in Cellophane. Price $1.00 per Set

"IT" the adults card game that puts pep into any party! The livest and funniest game for a crowd to play All Complete, $1.00

...and PARCHEESI

the sixty-year old game that never grows old among players.

Standard Popular Edition	$1.00
DeLuxe Cloth Covered Edition	$2.00
Morocco Leather Gift Edition	$3.50

Ask for these games by their names at your favorite store. If unobtainable, we will send any desired upon receipt of price.

SELCHOW & RICHTER CO.
Dept. C-11
200 Fifth Avenue New York City

Dear CHILD LIFE:

On July fifth, my mother and father and I went on a little cruise. We live on Conanicut Island which is in Narragansett Bay and is the first island you would come to if you sailed into the Bay from the ocean. We sailed up inland. We went on our sailboat called the Brownie. We started out at about nine o'clock in the morning. Pretty soon we reached Plum Beach Light. A little later we had a grand swim and then Mother and I cooked dinner in the cabin. You probably think our boat is a grand cruising yacht, but it isn't. There is just a small cockpit and the transoms are just big enough for Mother or Daddy to stretch out on.

After dinner we sailed some more and went by the North End Light which is on the north point of Conanicut Island. Then at four o'clock we reached Bristol Harbor and spent the night there. Mother and Daddy slept on the transoms and I slept in the forecastle with the hatch open. The next day was nothing but rain, squalls and cloudy weather. We got breakfast and began to sail some more. There was a strong wind and we went quite fast. We all sat in the cockpit and got soaked to the marrow of our bones with spray. That time we went right over to North End Light and had dinner there and at three-thirty we got home once more.

PHOEBE TAYLOR,
Age 9. Jamestown, R. I.

Dear Joy Givers:

I received so many letters I could not answer half of them. I received over two hundred letters. Thank you very much for the photos, hankies, thimble, pressed flowers, pennies, Christmas cards, and newspaper clippings that you sent.

Some of you asked if I knew Marion Lockwood. She is one of my best friends. She is a near neighbor. Richard is my only classmate.

Our school is a very small one, with only twenty-four children. The smallest class is of one. The biggest class is of five. We have a nice playground. It is an American school but has many nationalities in it.

I have several friends; one of them went to America in June.

I have been in America two and one-half years. I always feel as if China were my home. The trouble never hurt much here. I am not Chinese but American. I can speak Chinese and write a few characters.

Next year we go to America. We are going by way of Europe. We will see many interesting places and things.

We went to Cheung Chau Island for July. It was lots of fun. We went in swimming every afternoon and sometimes in the morning.

We are on Laan Tau Mountain now and will stay two weeks more. On the day before yesterday we went on a hike to Black Rock Pool. We had a very nice swim.

Canton is getting fairly modern. The old Five Story Pagoda is now a museum. The streets have electric lights, cars, modern buildings on automobile streets, and big roads. All the Chinese roads used to be so small and crooked that you could touch both sides at one time. Yet in many ways Canton is far behind the times, too. The people thresh rice with their own hands and plough the fields with a buffalo and small plough. Street venders still call "Buy my olives" or whatever they have.

From here we can see many pretty junks and fishing boats. We can also see many little green islands and the ocean stretching miles out.

I have never seen the China Wall.

Many asked what color hair I have. I have dark red hair.

CHRISTINE HOFMANN,
Canton, China.

Outstanding *in the field of* **EDUCATIONAL PLAYTHINGS**

BILD-A-WORD
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

GAMES

As modern as the aeroplane . . . as *different* as the automobile is from the horse-drawn vehicle . . . Scientific, educational, ingenious — yet simple and loads of fun. A game for every age—a game for every taste. Endorsed by leading educators and acclaimed by smart people everywhere.

For the child of PRE-SCHOOL AGE

BILD-A-WORD for TOTS

SCIENTIFICALLY based on the methods employed in the schools today, BILD-A-WORD *for* TOTS is a veritable kindergarten education in itself. It is a game as well as a toy that teaches little minds the four basic elements of schooling; — ***colors, numerals, picture construction and spelling.*** Every child of pre-school age should have a set. Made in two models:

No. R1—Set of 36 cards (thirteen colorful subjects) and 9-inch revolving stand. *Complete* $1.00.

No. R2—Set of 72 cards(twenty-two colorful subjects) and 12-inch revolving stand. *Complete* $2.00.

FOR JUNIORS
8 years and up

ORIGINAL BILD-A-WORD

GROWN-UPS too take delight in this — the most fascinating of all card games... Original BILD-A-WORD is building the nation's vocabulary . . . It's new, educational and entertaining! It's spelling bees, anagrams and cross-word puzzles—all rolled into one glorious game.

Set consists of BILD-A-WORD cards, dictionary, point cards and instructions for 5 different, engrossing games . . . . *Price complete* $1.00

FOR CHILDREN
3 years and up

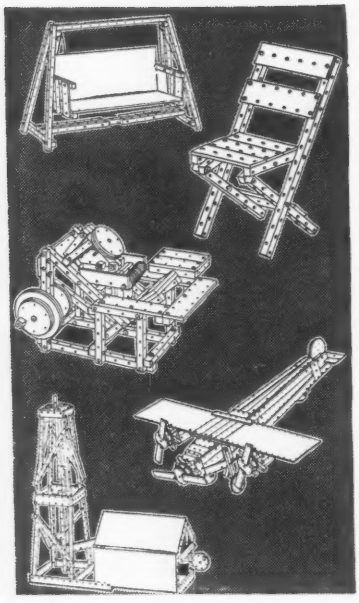
BILD-A-WORD PICTURE PUZZLES

THE newest idea in illustrative puzzles. Make a picture—build a word. A game that makes it easy for little minds to learn while they play.

Set consists of 36 cards and "blackboard effect" stand (attractively illustrated) . *Complete* 50c.

For sale at leading department stores, toy, game and book shops. If your dealer is out of stock write direct to

EDUCATIONAL CARD & GAME CORP.
132 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.



Many Toys

for the Cost of ONE!

At a time when every dime and dollar must do double duty . . . how better could you invest your toy money than to buy your children an ARKITOY WOOD CONSTRUCTION SET?

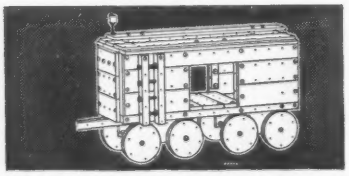
This amazing toy is really "many toys in ONE." A toy of unending novelty that keeps children interested and occupied long after the average toy is discarded. When a child tires of one ARKITOY Model . . . it's a simple matter to take it apart and build something else.

Handsomely colored materials (red and green) are ready to put together (no sawing or hammering) and easy to work with . . . suitable for any child six years of age or older. Assembled models are very strong and realistic and may be used as permanent toys. Junior Toy Architect Diplomas and cash prizes awarded to stimulate originality.

FIVE SIZES: $1.00, $2.00, $3.50, $5.00 and $10.00. At leading stores where toys are sold . . . or direct if your dealer cannot supply you.

***Toy Division*, G. B. LEWIS CO.**
Watertown, Wis.

ARKITOY
WOOD CONSTRUCTION SETS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



FILL OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON

G. B. LEWIS CO., Dept. C 11, Watertown, Wis.

☐ Send free circular about Arkitoy.
☐ Enter order for the following Arkitoy sets:
—No. 1 set ($1.00) —No. 3 set ($3.50)
—No. 2 set ($2.00) —No. 4 set ($5.00)
—No. 5 set ($10.00)

I enclose check ☐ money order ☐ for $..... in full payment.
☐ Ship parcel post, C.O.D. and I will pay the postman on delivery.

Name .....

Address .....

Dear Joy Givers:

I am certainly glad to hear from boys and girls all over the United States. I've been working very hard and haven't enough time to answer your letters. I am a Chinese girl. I enjoy reading "Child Life" and I'm in love with my work. Many of you asked for my photo, so here it is. I have four brothers and two sisters.

Oh, yes, you ask me for my poems and music. Well, I am sorry to tell that I haven't been doing all this job for a long time. But I still enjoy doing it when I find some time. This kind of work needs hard thinking and opportunity. I will continue with it when I have time.

Well, I hope to hear from all you boys and girls again.

Yours truly,
NGE WEY CHUNG,
Age 17. Cleveland, Ohio.

NGE WEY CHUNG
Cleveland, Ohio

THE WILD HORSE HUNT

Where I lived, there was a wild horse. Everybody wanted him. We did, too. One day we took the good horses. They were long-winded and strong. We took four good ropes with us. We traveled a long way. Pretty soon we saw a band of horses. We did not know what the wild horse looked like, except what we had heard from some shepherds who said they had seen him. They said he was a black horse with a white spot shaped like a heart on his head. He had one front leg and one back leg white up to the knee. The horses were a long way off, so we could not tell what kind of a leader they had. So we waited till morning.

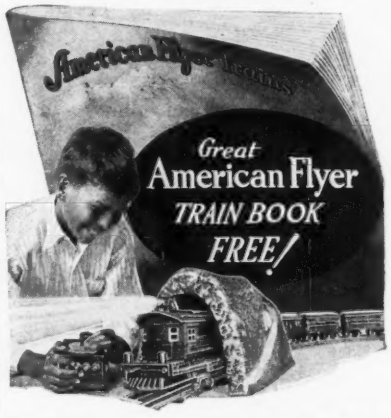
When we got up we could not see them. We ate breakfast and got ready. We could see the horses from a hill, so we started in that direction. At last, we came to them. Every time we got close to them we scared them so they ran away. We waited until dark. Then we went down and sneaked up upon them. We lassoed them and tied them up. In the morning we untied the wild horse's feet and he knocked our poor horse over and almost killed it. After about two hours we got him started. He bucked and kicked, but we kept out of his way.

We had the hardest part yet when we got him home. He did not want to be saddled. After a while we saddled him. A man got on him and was thrown off. Then we tied a sack of sand on his back. He bucked until he was tired. The man got on him again. He could not buck much because he was so tired. We did not ride him again that day, but every day after that we did until he was broken in.

EDWARD ALBRECHT,
Bridger, Mont.

NEW DESIGNS
FREE CATALOG
CLASS PINS
PIN COMPLETE WITH DATE GUARD & CHAIN 2 COLORS
PRICES MADE SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA
STERLING SILVER $1.35ea. $1.20ea.
SILVER PLATE .75c .65c
31
METAL ARTS CO., INC., 781 Portland Ave. Rochester, N.Y.

Boys—Get an American Flyer Train This Christmas



Mail Coupon for Colorful 48 Page Train Book—FREE!

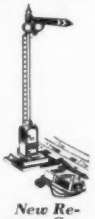
Countless thousands of boys, dads and mothers, have written for this big *free* train book and have found the source of a happy Christmas and years of fun and instructive play. It is a complete catalog of miniature railroading—describing and illustrating *new* Steam and Electric type locomotives that will *outpull all others—newly designed* and *larger* cars and other *new* Railroad Equipment. They are years ahead of all other trains.

This fascinating book shows the complete line of American Flyer Electrical and Wind-up Trains, Equipment, Airplanes and the famous Structo Automobiles. Be sure you get your copy before you do your Christmas shopping. Mail the coupon *now!*

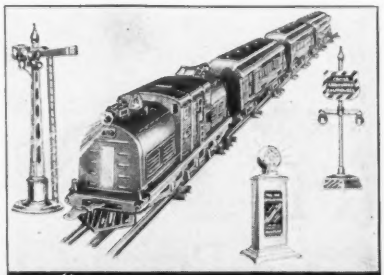
Choice of 7½ Million Boys

Over 7½ million proud and happy boy owners testify to American Flyer's leadership. *Compare* American Flyer's exclusive and fun-making features, found in no other trains. Most powerful locomotives in both Steam and Electric Types—Remote-Control-Reversing Locomotives—Automatic Ringing Bell—Full Enameled Cars with *real* brass Window Trim and Fittings—Longest and Heaviest Freight Cars—High Speed Trucks—Remote-Control Track Switches—more realistic Bridges, Stations and Tunnels.

All these features, and more, at no extra cost will pay you to insist on American Flyer Trains and equipment this Christmas. Your Dad, too, will enjoy railroading.



New Remote Controlled Semaphore



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Ask for MasterCraft Painting Sets at your favorite store; if unobtainable, we will send any you desire, prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Free to Children and Parents

A MasterCraft Painting Book which tells more about these Beautiful Painting Sets.

Manufactured by

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108 E. Washington Street, Hagerstown, Md.

The Pilgrim's Thanksgiving

By Clara Fahrenbach

(*See page 600*)

THIS game is played on the open page of the magazine. Two, three or four people play.

Each player has a small piece of colored paper to be used as a Pilgrim. Each piece of paper is of a different color. Checkers may be used instead, if desired.

Each player chooses one of the four Pilgrims in the corners.

The circle at the bottom of the page is used to indicate the number of moves along the game board. Each player in turn holds a pencil an equal height above the circle; he then closes his eyes and says, "Tick-tack-toe," touching the circle each time. Then he opens his eyes, and the number his pencil rests on is the number of moves he is to take. If it is uncertain what number his pencil rests on, he may have two more turns.

A player's pencil must rest on Number 1 (one) to start.

He starts from the ship nearest his Pilgrim and moves from right to left around the outer course.

If he stops at any ship except the one he started from, he gets another turn, and if he stops by an Indian, he must go back to the ship he has just passed.

When a player has finished the course around the outer spaces, he goes around the inner spaces in the opposite direction—from left to right.

The Indian tents make him lose one turn if he rests on them and the pumpkin and the church each give him another turn.

No two players can occupy the same space at the same time. If another player blocks the way, you lose a turn.

The player who completes the two circles—outer and inner—first wins the game and the turkey.

Keep them Handy
DOUBLE-TIPPED
SWABS

In numberless homes, mothers are realizing the splendid usefulness of Q-TIPS—double-tipped swabs of sterlized, boric-dipped cotton. For swabbing infected throats; for cleansing baby's eyes, ears, nose, navel. 100 home uses. Sold everywhere in dainty boxes of 25c and 50c sizes. Or write Dept. 22, Q-TIPS, Inc., 32 East 31st St., New York.

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Does away entirely with disagreeable task of washing diapers and reduces babies' laundry at least 2½ times. Keeps babies' clothes and bedding dry. ***Downee Didees make a wonderful gift for Xmas and other occasions.***

Special Offer 2 Downee Didees and 3 packages of pads only $2.75. Small size for babies up to 4 mos. (40 pads in pkg.); medium for babies 4 to 9 mos. (34 pads in pkg.); large for babies 9 mos. and older (30 pads in pkg.) Extra pads 55c package. Use them yourself and send them as gifts. Order with coupon below.

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I enclose $.....for .....special offer packages of Downee Didees and pads, at $2.75 each. (Check sizes wanted.) ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

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FELT DOLL

with Curly Hair

and 5 snap-on

Felt costumes all for

$1.00

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Truly, here is the sweetest, lovliest gift for any little girl; and there's nothing else like it — the cunningest doll ever, with real snap-on clothes! Tiny fingers that can dress no other doll can change Lynda Lou's costumes with ease.

Choice of Two Costume Outfits

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A Kerk-Guild Product
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Please send postpaid.....Lynda Lou doll No. 1 Outfits and.....No. 2 Outfits. I enclose $ ..... ($1.00 per outfit.)

Name.....
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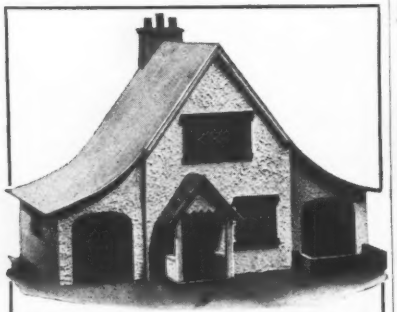

Only 125 Little Girls In The Whole Wide World

will receive a Hansel and Gretel Doll House on Christmas Morning . . . wouldn't you like to be one of the lucky ones!

Designed by a famous architect—the Hansel & Gretel Doll House is beautifully finished inside and out. It stands 24 inches high and is 30 inches wide. It has a red roof, light tan stucco walls with green trimming and 12 of the cunningest windows you have ever seen. Being the most modern of homes for dolls—it has a garage and sun-porch.

It has 5 rooms—all beautifully finished, a fireplace, mantle and a real little stairway leading to dolly's bedrooms. The front of the house comes off—so that you can easily arrange and play with the furniture and dolls.

Here's The Secret Of How To Get One ! !

1st—WRITE ME A LETTER—or ask mother or daddy to do it for you—telling me WHY you would like to have this adorable Hansel & Gretel Doll House—the finest to be found in any store in the world!

2nd—FILL OUT THE COUPON—below and send with your letter and I will try to persuade Santa Claus to make you one of the lucky girls.

Mr. W. S. Nordburg, Pres.
PLAYROOM EQUIPMENT CO.
1428 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

I am attaching my letter.

My name is.....
My Dad's name is.....
Address.....
City and State.....

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THIS page will prove the key to happiness for thousands of children. If your dealer cannot supply you, your order will be promptly filled by mail.

With one Mould you can make many HUNDREDS OF CASTINGS. Whole armies. Outfits, including material for casting, enamel paints and everything complete $5.00. Easy enough for any boy to make and great fun for grown-ups. Sport for the whole family. Write for illustrations of dozens of patterns you can make.

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The coupon below will bring you our attractive FAIRY Folder which pictures all the latest models in their beautiful colors. Dandy Sport Racers, Bikes, Tricycles, Velocipedes, Scooters, Auto Coasters, Hand Kars—among them you will find just the FAIRY you wish—at a reasonable price. When the mailman delivers this FAIRY Folder to you, he will also bring a *free* FAIRY Pin, which you will be proud to wear. Just take the coupon to Mother or Dad and ask them to send it to *"Fairyland"* for you.

MAIL THIS COUPON for a "GOOD FAIRY" FOLDER

To "Fairyland"
THE COLSON CO., Elyria, Ohio
Please send me your Fairy Folder and the *free* FAIRY Pin. I want to join the army of happy FAIRY riders.

Name.....
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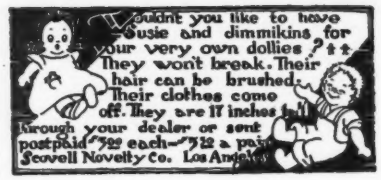
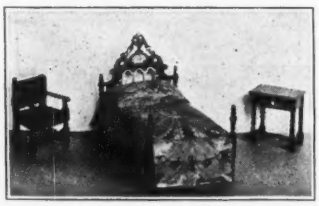
P. S. I would like a *free* FAIRY Bike Button, too. N30-CL


Wouldn't you like to have Susie and dimmikins for your very own dollies ? ? ?
They won't break. Their hair can be brushed. Their clothes come off. They are 17 inches tall.
Through your dealer or sent postpaid 79¢ each—$1.50 a pair.
Scovell Novelty Co. Los Angeles



If you would make your Dollies proud
Of where they spend their days,
Give them a house far from the crowd
That thru' a child's home strays.
Here's just the house a doll enjoys,
Complete in every way,
Each room equipped with TYNIETOYS.
Why not write us today?

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DOLL HOUSE FURNITURE

fits small dolls and pleases little mothers. Dainty, yet serviceable, playing with it is just like "keeping house."

Every Piece a Reproduction of a Genuine Antique Model

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Chippendale, Sheraton and Colonial models all in the same small scale. Illustrations above about 1-10 actual size.

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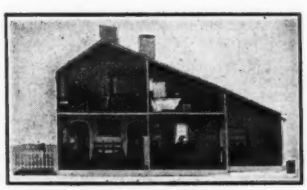

Nantucket House

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with garden and running water. Wired for electricity.			
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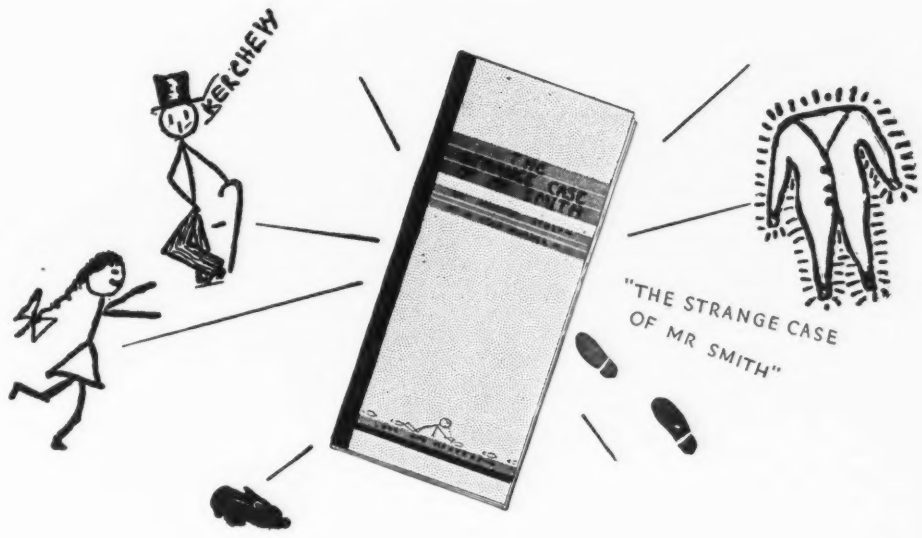
People who read this amusing little book should



Have Fewer Colds This Winter

When we refer to Mr. Smith's adventure as a "*case*," we mean that Mr. Smith had a bad cold in the head.

In fact, as the author says, "Besides having a bad cold in the head, Mr. Smith also had a wife, Mrs. Smith, who also had a cold in the head, and a daughter, Elithabeth Thmiff, who thome-how alwayth had a code in the heb . . ."

Yet, "the Smiths *always* wore their rubbers . . . they were *always* rubbing their chests with something...they *never* sat in a draught . . . and in cold weather all three wore their prickly underwear.

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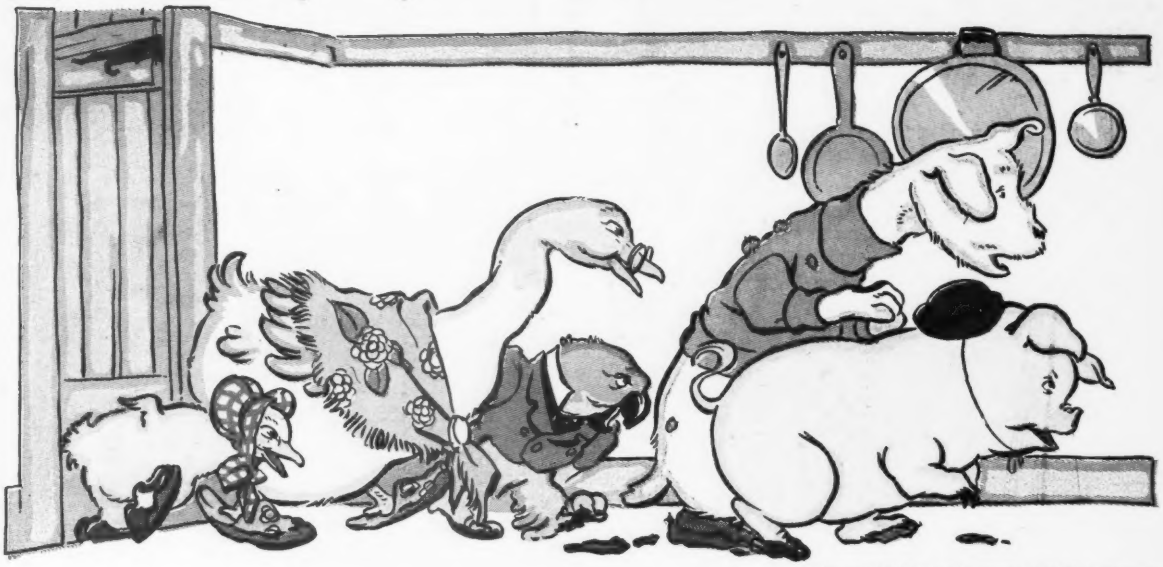
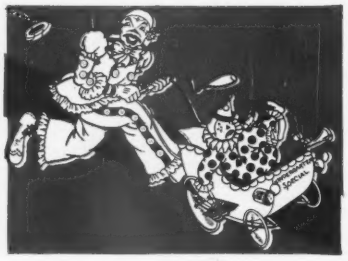


One of Keith Ward's many delightful pictures in JOLLY ANIMALS, by Eva Roe Gaggin.

Six new outstanding books for children

This is Baby Lion, greatly reduced from one of Paul Bransom's illustrations in JUNGLE BABIES, by Edyth Kaigh-Eustace.



Reduced from one of John Dukes McKee's rollicking pictures in CIRCUS BABIES.

Jungle Babies, by Edyth Kaigh-Eustace, beautifully illustrated in color by Paul Bransom and in pen and ink by Don Nelson, tells how wild animal youngsters live in the African jungle. For 6-to-14-year olds. $3.00

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